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## Events of the Week.

THE supreme Four are expected to complete their deliberations on the German reply to the Treaty and to deliver their final answer this week. There is no doubt that Mr. Lloyd George has made serious efforts to secure concessions on some points, notably on the Polish annexations and the date of Germany's admission to the League of Nations. Lord Northcliffe's papers have conducted a violent campaign against him throughout the week, and so has the greater part of the French Press, though its choicer efforts have been deleted by the Censor. So, amid blank comments upon an unpublished treaty, the victors proceed to make democracy secure. The "Matin" has quoted Mr. Wilson to the effect that the Draft Treaty is a faithful rendering of the Fourteen Points. Inspired correspondents dispute the authenticity of this declaration, and assert that Mr. Wilson in his heart knows better. We do not know which opinion he holds in fact. The former would compromise his intelligence, the latter his honor. Optimistic correspondents tell us that there is a good chance that all, or at least some more, of the Polish annexations will be made subject to a plebiscite. The Germans as stoutly demand this solution, while the Poles as violently protest against it. In the draft of the Treaty stands a passage which explicitly bases the wrong done in 1871 on the fact that the deputies of Alsace protested in the Bordeaux Assembly against annexation. One by one the deputies from the threatened districts of West Prussia and Silesia rose in the German Assembly four weeks ago and made their protest. Thus in repairing one wrong, the victors repeat it.

MEANWHILE the equilibrium in Germany itself is visibly unstable. The "Free Corps" with which the Scheidemann-Noske régime has crushed the Extreme Left, are insolently beyond its control. After many brutalities done in hot blood at the taking of Munich, the Hoffmann Coalition Government of Bavaria, or its

soldiers, have shot the Communist leader, Dr. Levien. He was not a respected leader, and indeed the whole Communist movement in Bavaria seems a pitiable comedy when compared with the able performance in Hungary; but the execution has none the less shocked German opinion and infuriated the Left. Berlin has carried out a completely unanimous one-day strike of protest. The most significant feature of this affair is that Scheidemann himself telegraphed, urging mercy, and was disregarded. This means either that Bavaria, coquetting with French separatist intrigues, takes no heed of Berlin, or else that the Free Corps care nothing for the civil government of the Empire. Other symptoms point the same way—e.g., the escape of two officers from Berlin incriminated in the Liebknecht murder and other brutalities. In West Prussia the Corps are thinking of declaring an Independent Republic. For all this, Noske's belief in the mailed fist is chiefly to blame: he can no longer control his pretorian guard, and is thinking primarily of the fate which awaits it if the Treaty is signed or its numbers are cut down to a quarter.

IN this crisis the action of the party congress of the "Majority" Socialists which met at Weimar on Tuesday, may be decisive. The brilliant leader of the opposition within this party, Herr Julius Kalishi, a much more interesting mind than any of the Ministers, is challenging the whole internal policy of the Scheidemann Government in a direct motion of no confidence. Scheidemann and Noske could not survive repudiation by their own party. The crisis, however, is awkwardly timed, for though Herr Kalishi and Herr Haase, the "Minority" leader, would like to create a new All-Socialist Ministry, the last thing they would desire is to take office in order to sign this peace. From their point of view, doubtless, the congress has met two weeks too soon. As to signing, it is clear only that the Ministry is still sharply divided. The real decision, according to the Draft Constitution, lies with the National Assembly, which has been convened for Sunday or Monday. It will not sign unless the Government gives it a very strong lead, and that is impossible unless the Supreme Four make real concessions. A complete breakdown of the machinery of government under the strain of this terrible dilemma is a conceivable result of this Treaty. That, no doubt, is what M. Clemenceau is playing for. His strategy has always been to break Germany into its component parts.

THE fact can no longer be concealed that Bela Kun's Government in Hungary is only the stronger for the attack which the Entente engineered against it. Not only has it repulsed the Tchecho-Slovak offensive, it is carrying a victorious counter-offensive into Slovakia. It has found the Slovaks disaffected to the Tchechs, and of course the Ruthenians south of the Carpathians, who are to be annexed to Tchecho-Slovakia in order to make a military corridor giving connection with Roumania, are even more certainly hostile. The direction of the Hungarian march is to the north-east, and its aim is clearly to join the Russian Red Army marching down through the Bukovina. This week an order has come from Paris

to Budapest to stop this offensive, and an invitation to Versailles was apparently added. This seems to mean that the Entente after nominating several counter-revolutionary successors to Bela Kun, at last "recognize" him as the *de facto* ruler of Hungary. Why he may come to Paris when Lenin is barred is a mystery. But then Hungary had no French debt to repudiate. Bela Kun's answer has been published. He declares himself willing and anxious to stop fighting, and repeats that the "integrity" of the old Hungary is a matter of indifference to him. But he seems to ignore the invitation to Versailles, and reiterates the proposal which he made to General Smuts for a conference in Vienna with his neighbors. His tone is pacific, but he evidently feels himself strong, and one can hardly expect that he will make a separate peace, if the Allies continue their war on Russia. We do not think that he means to go to Paris alone.

ADMIRAL KOLTCHAK has interrupted his retreat to reply to the Allies' Note in recognition. Nothing but a summary of his answer is allowed to reach us, but it seems to be an evasion of most of the conditions laid down. He will recognize all Russia's debts—which doubtless is enough for Paris. He will have nothing to do with the Constituent Assembly of 1917. So far his meaning is clear. On the main point he hedges. He will call a new Constituent Assembly "as soon as possible"—not as the Allies required, as soon as he reaches Moscow. As to the franchise and, above all, the responsibility of the Government to this Assembly, his Note, or at least the summary, is silent. He speaks of legislative powers, and may have in his mind some body like the late Duma. Over the independence of Finland he hedges; that must depend on the Assembly. More ominous still is the reference to the nationalities, for whom he desires local self-government, whereas the Allies plainly meant, for some at least, independence. These are worthless pledges, but conceivably they may satisfy Paris.

WE attach more importance to the record of what Koltchak is actually doing. "L'Humanité" has printed a first-hand narrative of the administration of Vladivostok under Koltchak's subordinates. After an election carried out under Allied auspices, which gave a Bolshevik majority, the Zemstvo (County Council and Town Council) were purged of "intractable" members. Large numbers of the opposition were arrested and deported, but were saved from shooting by the Czechs and Americans. All active members of the two moderate Socialist parties were arrested and all trade union leaders. The franchise of the Zemstvo was altered, large numbers of electors disfranchised, and its powers curtailed. Many moderate Socialists were shot, apparently after the first attempt to dispose of them had been frustrated by the Americans. We have summarized only a part of these revelations. What happened in this one town is typical of all Koltchak's policy wherever he is supreme. No wonder we read that even in Siberia a powerful Bolshevik movement has sprung up again, and what is said to be a big and well-formed army is in control of the Lena gold-field.

THE shamelessness of the real politicians who are shaping the peace appears so inconsequential that it passes, no doubt, for innocence. In THE NATION last week the resignation of Mr. Maynard Keynes, British financial adviser to our delegation in Paris, was commented on. The Press said he had returned to England because of his ill-health. He returned because his advice was rejected. He suggested the relief of financial stress

by international action. When some French critics bitterly declared that America came into the war for profit, there was a sense in which they were right. The necessities of Europe make an opportunity which American financiers do not intend to neglect. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Vanderlip, "two of America's greatest financiers," in giving evidence before the Senate on the financial aspects of the Treaty, have now declared that American money and resources must be pooled and poured into Europe. "The Government of the United States must co-operate with American bankers and European Governments in mobilizing American dollars to help the old world." Unfortunate old world! No doubt that presently Mr. Wilson's astonishing conduct will be easily read. The American financiers are stronger than merely sound financial advice.

THE events in the American Senate this week open the most serious battle of Mr. Wilson's political career; until it is fought out, one must regard the creation of the League of Nations as doubtful. Senator Borah opened the campaign by announcing that while the Draft Treaty has been withheld from the Press and from the Senate itself, certain financiers in New York are possessed of copies. Two New York dailies have now published the text in full, and Senator Borah carried a motion against Mr. Wilson's friends requiring its publication as a Congress document. Thus the battle opens with a defeat for Mr. Wilson on an issue in which his own declarations about "open covenants" stand against him. His answer is to plead loyalty to his Allies. From the first the text was published in Berlin, and in neutral countries copies of it in French and English exported from Germany are freely on sale. More serious is the Republican motion, backed by Senator Lodge, which has been referred to the Foreign Affairs Committee, for the division of the Peace Treaty from the Covenant of the League—the implication being that the Senate will ratify the Treaty but not the Covenant. Simple division is not a possible expedient, for the Treaty assumes throughout the existence of the League, *e.g.* in the Saar and Danzig arrangements, and in the promise of safeguards for racial minorities. The "New Republic" and the New York "Nation" have both gone into open opposition, though from a wholly different standpoint, their view being that the Treaty leaves Europe riddled with new iniquities and new causes of unrest, and that America ought not to guarantee the permanence of this unstable creation.

THE deputation from the South African Nationalists headed by General Hertzog, has been received by Mr. Lloyd George in Paris, but the official report of the General's speech gives little idea of what his real position is. His claim, of course, is for South African independence—the righting of the wrong done to South Africa in 1902, as he puts it in Wilsonian language. He seems to have argued that while there is no natural racial antipathy between Britons and Boers, there is a sentiment of ascendancy. Again, while Downing Street does not dictate policy, the British population spontaneously anticipates the will of Downing Street—*e.g.*, in demanding the expulsion of all Germans from the colony. Surely he must have had a stronger case than this to urge. Mr. Lloyd George's reply, which is given in full, was effective enough, but we do not know what he was answering. He was able to show that Dutchmen are a majority of the Union Ministry, that the Nationalists are a minority, and that the natives are against independence. Further, that South Africa, through genuine Dutchmen like Generals Botha and Smuts, enjoys great

influence in the Empire. The implied parallel to Alsace is striking, but hardly so strong as it sounds. The wrong done to Alsace was not merely the annexation, but the long delay in conceding autonomy and the inadequacy of it when it came.

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THE industrial situation on the Continent has not improved during the week, and at the moment of writing there are possibilities of a serious extension of the strikes. In France sporadic outbreaks are reported from various parts of the country, but Paris and the coalfields of the Nord and Pas de Calais remain the storm centres. In the capital the tramway and omnibus workers and the underground railwaymen have failed to maintain complete cohesion, and services have been partially restored. The miners rejected a settlement agreed to by their representatives, and continue the struggle. A strike of the whole of the miners in the country on June 16th is threatened if the eight hours' day is not conceded by that date, and the seamen and dockers have followed with a similar demand and threat. The Chamber is discussing an eight hour bill for the miners, and much depends upon the speedy passage of this measure, in view of the resolution of the Cartel Inter-Federal to secure sympathetic national action of the miners, dockers, seamen, transport, and metal workers, if necessity arises. The Government is credited with the intention of requisitioning the means of transport, and M. Jouhaux, of the General Confederation of Labor, has vigorously protested against coercion in an economic struggle.

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In Italy 50,000 workers have been on strike in Rome, and a general stoppage this week-end was favored at a meeting of metal workers, tramwaymen, builders, printers, electricity workers, and others. In Naples the metal workers are out, but appear to have failed in an effort to promote general sympathetic strikes. These disputes are primarily economic, as are the strikes in France so far, but industrial action on political issues is being discussed. It is reported that the Seamen's Federation in Italy has succeeded in preventing the voyage of the "Fedora," which was being used by the British to carry munitions to Russia, and both in France and Italy efforts are being made to organize a "demonstrative" strike of twenty-four hours against the Russian expeditions and the decisions of the diplomatists at Paris. There is no ground for the statement made both in Rome and Paris that British workers are prepared to join in a concerted demonstration. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, whose mission to Italy related only to the refusal of the Italian Socialists to join the second International, has repudiated a suggestion that he fostered the hope of British co-operation.

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THE Irish-American delegates have been received by President Wilson in Paris, and have published to the world the report of their tour of inquiry in Ireland. Mr. Frank Walsh and Mr. Edward Dunne, who sign it, have in this report missed as fine an opportunity as any Irishmen or Americans could have wished for. They might (all three delegates being lawyers) have produced a weapon of compelling force, if they had kept to the track of impartial survey and precisely documented incident. Instead, they have preferred a loose and superficial gathering of facts and observations, touching the military occupation, the land and education, poverty and disease, the treatment of political prisoners, and other matters, all presented in a general accusation of British rule. The most detailed section of

the report deals with the conditions in Mountjoy Prison, which, there is reason to believe, are not dissimilar in essentials from those lately recorded in the American Press as prevailing among the political prisoners at Leavenworth and in other federal jails. Such abominations belong to military rule in any form of society, and everywhere they call loudly for remedy. Messrs. Walsh and Dunne had a chance of so dealing with the tragic muddle of Ireland generally as to reinforce all the influences making for justice and appeasement. As it is, their report may do some good, but it will certainly work mischief, particularly in stimulating the anti-English feeling which, since the armistice, has broken out afresh, in Washington and elsewhere.

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THERE is no need to exaggerate the importance of the East Antrim election. Revolts of a similar kind against the party machine have been of fairly frequent occurrence in Ulster. There was once a Presbyterian Unionist Voters' Association that carried North Down for Mr. T. L. Corbett against the official Unionist candidate, and Mr. Thomas Sloan defeated the Unionists in South Belfast a few years ago in the name of Independent Orangeism. All it means is that there has always been a democratic movement in Ulster working alongside the Unionist movement, and growing restive on occasions when the Union is not supposed to be in danger. But the democracy of Ulster has never been virile and consistent democracy. It has for a hundred years been democracy tempered by Unionism. It may be that the great world-movement is at last affecting Ulster, and that the defeat of Sir Edward Carson may be a prelude to the defeat of the principles for which Sir Edward Carson stands. But we must not build too hopefully on what the "Freeman's Journal" describes as "the defeat by a non-Carsonite Orangeman of a non-Orange Carsonite." Mr. Hanna, the successful candidate, though he was denounced as if he were a Sinn Féiner and a Bolshevik, stood as a Democratic Orangeman, not as a Democratic Irishman. His victory none the less has been a bitter blow to Carsonism. An attempt was made during the contest to bribe Mr. Hanna (with a sum of £4,000 and an offer of a paid magistracy) to leave the field free to the official Unionists. Had this pleasing attempt at corruption been made in a Nationalist constituency, we should have heard more of it in the English press.

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THE action of the engineering and shipbuilding employers, who have met a demand from their employees for an increase in wages by a counter-claim of a reduction of war-bonus by 5s. a week, may lead to another serious industrial struggle in this country. The reason given by this powerful group of employers in submitting their proposal to the Court of Arbitration, is that the cost of living is falling, and that the bonus should therefore be reduced. It is true that, according to Board of Trade figures, the price of staple foods has declined, but the experience of the average working and middle-class family is that the pressure of necessary expenditure is greater, owing to the enormous cost of boots, clothing, and other essential commodities. In the brief discussion at Swansea on the transport workers' resolution calling for the transformation of all war wages into permanent wages, in order to raise the standard of life above that of pre-war days, Labor was warned that the highly-organized employers were determined to reduce wages, and that a strenuous effort would be needed to prevent it. The challenge has come quickly.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE NEW HOLY ALLIANCE.

EVENTS in the Russian drama move so slowly and through so dense a fog of ignorance and half-truth that we are inclined to set down the bald facts regarding Admiral Koltchak, whose "recognition" is now impending. A naval officer who is said to have shown capacity (we do not know precisely how) in the Black Sea, he acquired a certain status as a leader in the Civil War through the confidence which a remnant of the Constituent Assembly reposed in him. When the Bolsheviks dissolved that Assembly, after half of its elected members had met for two days in Moscow, some of its members came together in Siberia. They were largely, we believe, Siberians, who had never gone to Moscow, but some European Russians were among them. As in the Moscow conclave, so in this Siberian gathering, the Social Revolutionaries predominated. The Admiral at first acknowledged this body, and it solemnly appointed him Commander of the Armies of the Constituent Assembly. It was in this capacity that he originally acquired the help of the Tchecho-Slovak legion, without which he could have done nothing, and received the first of the Allies' subsidies. The relationship was brief, and he very promptly kicked over the ladder on which he had mounted. He dissolved this Siberian section of the Constituent Assembly, imprisoned some of its members, and shot or allowed to be shot (he denies personal responsibility) certain others of them, including the well-known Moderate Socialist, Mr. Meiske. Henceforward he reigned as a military dictator, without the shadow of Parliament or Soviet, and his "government" is simply a collection of persons appointed by himself—including the manager of the chief Anglo-Russian mining combination as his "adviser" on finance. That is the record of the soldier who is now selected by the Allies as the champion of constitutional propriety in Russia. In plain words, he treated the Constituent Assembly exactly as the Bolsheviks treated it; he dispersed it when it annoyed him. There is this important difference, that whereas the Bolsheviks rule by a novel form of representative democracy, the "Soviet," Koltchak rules solely by bayonets, chiefly foreign bayonets. That is not the whole of the story of his dealings with representative institutions. As the "Humanité" shows this week, he has treated the Zemstvos (county councils) of Siberia and the municipality of Vladivostock with the same high-handed violence.

At a moment when the Dictator is retreating rapidly from the eastern district of European Russia, the Allies were inspired to "recognize" him as the sole legitimate ruler of Russia. His writ runs no further than his camp-fires extend, and that is over a dwindling and negligible corner. Lenin and the Soviets are still the *de facto* rulers, and strong rulers at that, of most of European Russia. The terms have been laid down on which he shall be recognized, and we are now permitted to read a summary, but only a summary, of his answer. It is said by semi-official writers in Paris to be "satisfactory." So far as the summary allows us to divine what it really is, Koltchak has accepted only one of the Allies' conditions, and that a condition which neither he nor any other ruler of bankrupt Russia can possibly fulfil. He will acknowledge Russia's debts. He hedges over the recognition of Finland's independence. He suggests local self-government for the "nationalities" (the Estonians, Letts, Lithuanians,

Ukrainians, and the rest) for whom the Allies seem to contemplate independence. He rejects altogether the suggestion that he should call together the Constituent Assembly of 1917. He was asked to promise that he would cause a new Constituent Assembly to be elected "as soon as he reached Moscow." For that he substitutes "as soon as possible." About the franchise he says nothing. He also ignores the all-important stipulation that to this Assembly the Government of Russia shall be responsible. He speaks only of its "legislative powers," and if it is fair to judge from a summary, we should guess that he contemplates some institution resembling the powerless Duma of Tsardom. This may satisfy the Allies: it does not surprise us.

Frankly, we attach little importance to Admiral Koltchak's promises. Wherever his armies have gone they have made a reign of terror. They habitually shoot not merely the leaders, but every simple citizen who can be convicted of Socialism. Ample evidence has been published of these proceedings. The Bolshevik terror at its worst struck at the propertied few. The White Terror is aimed at the democratic mass, nor does it distinguish between the Bolshevik and the moderate evolutionary Socialist. When this process is completed, when neither parties, nor leaders, nor even active local members are left alive to oppose him, when he has thoroughly intimidated the whole revolutionary nation, we daresay the Admiral will hold some species of election. Even Stolypin did that after his "necktie" had done its work. For our part we would not press for the election if we could avoid the preliminary massacres. If all this were done, as the cruelties of Tsardom were done, with Russian resources, we should be horrified spectators. In this case we supply the money, the arms, and the ships, and even some of the troops, which alone make it conceivable that Koltchak may one day succeed.

Russian Bolshevism is not an innocent government. It has used the Terror. It has done things which none of us would attempt to defend. We doubt, however, if it has at its worst done anything comparable to the least of the excesses of the "Whites." It has never approached the subtle cruelty of our blockade, which actually forbids neutral Denmark to send medicines for the relief of a famine-stricken land swept by typhus and cholera. The Allies have, however, blockaded and caused to be attacked another Soviet Republic which has an innocent record. Hungary has had no terror. It assailed none of its neighbors. It had, when it started its career, no army worth the name. It asked for a congress of its neighbors under Allied presidency, to settle questions of frontiers and trade. Against this unaggressive Republic, Paris flung the armies of feudal Roumania and of Tchecho-Slovakia. For a few weeks it seemed that it must be overwhelmed. Bela Kun showed the same courage and vitality as his master Lenin. A Red Army was swiftly improvised, and after the early defeats the news came at length that the Roumanians had been fought to a stand upon the Theiss, while in Slovakia the Hungarian "workmen's battalions" drove the Tchechs before them, and have now occupied a substantial part of our Ally's territory. The explanation is, we imagine, that the Slovaks are by no means so warm for the Tchech connection as the writers of propaganda literature would have us believe. What is to be the next move? Shall we send out French generals and Western troops as the "Times" advises? Western troops, especially French troops, are no longer to be trusted to attack the Revolution. We now hear that Bela Kun has been "ordered" to desist from his "attack" upon the Tchechs, and a less categorical hint is added that if he complies, he may be invited to Ver-



sailles. The pleasures of a trip to Paris may be exaggerated when one goes to hear one's doom. The harvest in Hungary will be ripe in a fortnight, and the Red Army from Russia has nearly effected its junction with Bela Kun's forces. If the Slovaks are not eager for the Techeh connection, the Ruthenians, who are to be placed under Techeh rule in order to make a strategical "corridor" on the French recipe, are even less enthusiastic. There are possibilities in this situation, and we do not know how Bela Kun will read them. If he is to be "recognized," we hope he will get it in writing. Where, in these alternations of truculence and friendliness, is there a principle? One day we send out General Smuts to talk gently; the next we attack, and only when the attack fails rather dismally do we recur to the gentler note.

Meanwhile, the Socialist Parties of Italy, France, and Great Britain are talking of a protest by means of a general strike against these assaults upon Socialist States. The time has come, however, to address a question to a wider public than theirs. It is a question which may be answered without reference to one's opinion of Socialism or even of Bolshevism. These operations against Russia and Hungary are undoubtedly wars, and they have no relation whatever to the war which ended with Germany's capitulation. What precisely is their relation to the Covenant solemnly concluded in Paris? In it is laid down a procedure for the avoidance of wars. There is to be arbitration, conciliation, regulated delays. Has anyone dreamed of applying this Covenant to Hungary and Russia? The question may seem grotesque. The Covenant, we shall be told, applies only to the future. We are not sure that this is the real answer. What would happen, if six months after the bells have rung for peace, Roumania or Techecho-Slovakia were to "go Bolshevik"? We should no doubt blockade them, and hurl Poles or Serbians at them. If anyone said "arbitrate" or even negotiate before you fight, the answer would be that civilization does not "recognize" a Bolshevik Government. Or what would happen if, again after peace, a purely Socialist but not Communist Government came to power in Germany—a very likely contingency? Once more, we imagine, we should not "recognize" it; the blockade would begin again and perhaps the Poles would be ordered to attack, while this "difficulty" in "recognizing" Governments prevails, the League of Nations and its covenant have no real meaning. Indeed, there is a risk that it will become consciously an institution for the prosecution of informal wars against Socialist Governments the world over. That is the biggest question of to-morrow, a question far bigger than any single issue of the peace. We are making a new Holy Alliance, devoted not indeed to the defence of dynasties, but to the perpetuation of forms of democracy which stand in need of renewal and modes of production which have served their time. Unless we can arrest this tendency, we shall have made two lasting antagonisms—one between the Workers' International and the League of Nations, the other between Anglo-America with its power to blockade, and a Continent which sees in that power the chief obstacle to the progress of Socialism.

#### AN OLIGARCHY OF CAPITALIST-STATES.

THE Covenant of the so-called League of Nations, taken in conjunction with the Peace it is intended to enforce, carries an important contribution to the execution of a world-policy which may be designated as the final stage of imperialistic capitalism hidden under the cloak of internationalism. The project introduces itself under

the title of world-order. Why should not the ruling classes of the most powerful Western Allies undertake in the name of pacific internationalism the political government and the economic exploitation of the weaker peoples and the less developed countries of the world? Adding to their existing empires, strengthened and enlarged during the war (Britain by the formal annexation of Egypt, France by that of Morocco), the colonial possessions of Germany, and the greater part of Turkish Asia and Persia, as "mandatory areas" under the League, Great Britain and France will have in their hands the bulk of Africa and South-Western Asia. They may even be obliged to accept large responsibilities for the administration of the "derelict empire" of Russia. A firm alliance with the United States would place the three great Western Powers (or four, if Italy were admitted as a junior partner) in virtual control, political and economic, of the world. The Allied Fleets of Great Britain and the United States, with French militarism entrenched in the heart of Europe, could police the world in the name of international order, and force their decisions in their international courts upon the smaller members of their League or upon unruly outsiders. The Monroe Doctrine for the United States in South America, and the "special interests" already conceded to Japan in China, would reinforce the general arrangement.

It is difficult to read the Covenant of the League of Nations without perceiving in it the contemplated possibility of some such outcome. The application of the Mandatory Principle, as interpreted in actual arrangements, would bring so large and important an accession to the empires of Britain, France, Italy, and perhaps America, as to open up a new phase of capitalist imperialism that might serve to postpone indefinitely the coming of democracy. The political expansion contained in this scheme is less important than its economic implications. The financial and commercial trusts and syndicates in this little group of Western nations, assisted by their Governments, would everywhere have exclusive or preferential control of the natural resources and the labor-power of the mandatory areas entrusted to them under the formal supervision of a League, the real management of which is vested in their representatives upon the Council. The "annual report" which the Mandatory is to present to the Council could, therefore, afford no real security for the conservation either of the rights and interests of the peoples subjected to this treatment, or of the other industrial countries interested in commercial access to these mandatory areas. No one can doubt that under this mandatory system the resources of Mesopotamia would be developed by British syndicates for their private profit, and that Syria would be similarly exploited by French syndicates. The stipulation of the Covenant, that "equal opportunities for the trade and commerce of other members of the League" shall be afforded, is only made applicable to certain sections of the mandatory areas, and experience shows that such "equality" can never be enforced against the interests of the traders of the country in which the administrative government is vested. For the rest, we are informed that the League "will make provision to secure and maintain freedom of communications and of transit and equitable treatment for the commerce of all members of the League." The substitution of the term "equitable" for "equal" is significant. Nowhere is the preferential treatment of the traders of the mandatory power even formally precluded. But even were equality of trading rights secured for all, such rights are of quite minor significance as compared with the monopoly of investment and developmental work enjoyed by the

members of the power wielding mandatory or other Governmental control. The organized exploitation of the resources of tropical and other rich backward countries by the business representatives of the Western nations with servile masses of aboriginal or imported labor is the big economic enterprise that is looming on the horizon. The mandatory clauses of the Covenant furnish the political machinery for the completion of the process by which Western Europe has absorbed in colonies and protectorates so large a section of the earth. The latest arts of industry demand ever increasing supplies of vegetable and mineral oils, rubber, metals, textiles, and foodstuffs, which can only be supplied abundantly from hitherto undeveloped sources in these backward countries. These countries are now all marked down for economic exploitation, with the requisite amount of political coercion, by the great Western powers. The business firms favored by these powers, acting separately or in agreement, will be able to organize the required quantities of cheap submissive labor on the spot for the plantations, mines, and the collection and preparation of the exportable commodities. The railways and roads, the docks and the shipping lines will be in their hands, together with the commercial and financial apparatus for exporting the tropical and other products to the home-countries where bodies of well-paid, short-houred, and contented Western workers, employees of the great combines, will by scientific manufacture transform them into serviceable shapes for consumption. If the hitherto untapped and uncultivated resources of Africa and Asia, South America and the Pacific Islands can be thus placed at the disposal of the business syndicates of the Western industrial countries, capitalism may be able to "square" labor in these countries by making it a partner in a great sweating system which will substitute the exploitation of foreign subject peoples for that of the Western working classes. If this is the way of securing property and winning industrial peace at home, the drive of combined political and economic forces will continually move more strongly in this direction. The underlying idea of substituting a racial for a class cleavage, and for bringing under the shelter of exploiting capitalism large favored proletariats, perhaps to be transformed themselves into little shareholders, is not clearly developed even in the minds of the big financial and other business men whose plans are based upon the possibilities of such a profiteering future. It has not got to be a conscious clearly-thought-out design. Indeed, its execution would be hampered if its full shape and meaning were openly avowed. This was well illustrated by the rash conduct of the Empire Resources Development Committee early in the war in advertizing its scheme for "imperializing" the land of our tropical dependencies and forcing native labor to grind out dividends for private syndicates and revenue for the Imperial Treasury. But this great new parasitism, the next and perhaps the last phase in the development of capitalism, by which the organized white peoples of the West exploit the colored races and the backward countries for their private wealth and ease, may manifest itself as the natural drift of tendency for the imperialist nations in these troublous times.

In any case a more thorough and effective development of the resources of these backward countries is certain to be set on foot, with capital and organizing personnel drawn from the centres of these Empires. These great importations of materials and foods will be essential to keep our home industries fully employed and our home populations satisfied. They cannot be bought by their full equivalent in export goods, for under what may be termed the natural opera-

tion of free exchange, the prices of raw materials and foodstuffs would for a long time to come remain on a higher level than the prices of manufactured export goods. Thus there will be the strongest possible inducements for business syndicates developing and controlling the foreign supplies to organize the labor and other costs of production on "cheap" terms, *i.e.*, to employ forced or sweated labor and to use Governmental aids to obtain concessions of land and other business opportunities at small cost to them. Much, therefore, of these tropical and other overseas products will come in to the Western countries as rents of monopoly or high profits on low-paid native labor. A portion of this surplus gain can be utilized to support a relatively high level of comfort for the Western working-classes, who will insist upon higher real wages, shorter hours, adequate provision against unemployment, ill-health, old age, and other emergencies. The workers would take their share partly in high money wages, partly in low prices for imported products, partly in social services rendered by a State which drew a large tax-revenue from leasing "Crown lands" in the colonies and protectorates to licensed business syndicates, and for taxation of the high incomes derived from this exploitation. By such political-economic policy it might be possible for the capitalist classes in the West to buy industrial peace at home. We doubt if any other means of making the necessary concessions to "the claims of labor" without endangering their mastery, is available. This, we think, is the great temptation to which the organized workers of the West are exposed, the offer to come into a limited International, under which both capital and labor in an oligarchy of great nations shall "live upon" the rich natural resources and the subject peoples of the backward and the undeveloped countries. An oligarchic League of Nations, exercising protectorates and mandatory powers over the greater portion of the weaker peoples, can make this great extension of capitalism under the guise of pacific settlement, trusteeship of "derelict empires" and the organization of the latent resources of countries declared to be incapable of political and economic self-government. Whether the organized workers of the so-called Western democracies will have the humanity, the justice, the foresight, and the courage needed to resist this temptation will be perhaps the dominant issue of the near future. If they yield, they sell the substance of democracy and internationalism for a share in the profitable exploitation of their weaker brethren.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

It would be pleasant to report that a general uneasiness about a need for prayer was a sign of grace returning to us. But it means no more than that the drought rouses fear that our food will cost us more. We should never imagine that Mercy had averted its face because of any behavior of ours, and visited us with a corrective plague of caterpillars. Instead, we are indeed engrossed with the bright notion of improving our manners by a tonic of Tar and Feathers for the wayward. We think this might help us. Cambridge appears to be lively with newspaper men who are interviewing, for our edification and enlightenment, the principals in a test case. From them it appears that the virtue of this new purifying rite appears to be in buying and using the tar oneself. But as there is an embargo on Swedish products, the general feeling is that there

might soon be a shortage in the supply of what Stockholm provides, if a chief evil of war were lustrated with tar as a common practice.

It is not likely that our Foreign Office, with its obstinate opinion of the decay of Bolshevik power, which is in conflict even with the reports of British agents, is likely to issue another White Paper, descriptive, for a change, of the White Terror. It will not be very long now before it is known that our behavior to revolutionary Russia, well understood by all neutrals, has blackened the good name this country maintained during the war. It looks like an indelible stain. That is what comes of trusting our traditions to the keeping of political imagination was exercised solely in the art of political subterfuge. General Mannenheim is a "friend" of ours. (Think how his name not long ago would have set the half-witted furiously questioning.) He rules Finland, confessedly, by dividing it into Red and White. Our troops are his troops. He is aiding us in the Petrograd adventure. Yet this man dare not land anywhere in Scandinavia. There they know what he is. For in Scandinavia they are aware (though it is not known here) that 90,000 Reds surrendered to the Whites in Finland; that between June 4th and September 14th, 1918, 20,000 were murdered, including women, in batches to the number of 2,000, by machine-gun fire. The others were put into camps, where 11,000 died of starvation, their friends and relatives not being allowed to send them any food. Yet this Mannenheim is our ally. And has the Foreign Office been informed from the Caucasus by an august British officer that, when visiting Denikin's headquarters, he found projecting above the ground the heads of thirty men who had been buried alive? Another of our allies, adding to the laurels of Mons, Ypres, and the Somme! Our soldiers, fresh from putting an end to German abominations, must be proud of their new associates in civilization's cause.

A CORRESPONDENT who knows Koltchak is amused by the ideas entertained here of his ability and of his chances of success. "He will never get to Moscow, for every Russian knows what would happen if he did. He can maintain power only by exterminating doubters; and even those who are opponents of Bolshevik rule will help the Bolsheviks to fight him, if merely to save their own necks. He would not last a week without the support of our material. I knew him when he was commander of a destroyer flotilla in the Baltic. He was a clever and energetic naval officer, prompt in his decisions, such as you may find in numbers wherever there is a British fleet. When he was given command of the Black Sea he did not shine. Perhaps the larger task was beyond his capacity. He is intelligent, but I do not think he has a mind—most certainly not the mind which will solve Russia's problems. He is Tartar in origin, as his name shows, a slight man of medium height, dark and quick, with opinions which, by the old Russian standard, would have been judged 'Liberal.' But he can maintain himself now only by the help of the reactionaries. The Russian Monarchists and ourselves are his sole backers."

THE trivial question of the "conscientious objector" which any tribunal once could solve off-hand (even if the judges of conscience were so illiterate that they knew Tolstoy only as a foreign crank), has now become a tide in human thought of such cumulative power that it baffles the Peace Conference, Cabinets, and

Parliaments, and so confuses the writers of leaders for the Press that they are as querulous as if they were annoyed with the hopeless precession of the equinoxes. The problem now is no less than a dispute between those who urge the State to continue its war against "Bolshevism," and those who declare they will refuse to support such a war, whatever it is called, wherever it is waged, and whoever wages it. Once the problem of the "conscientious objector" could be handled by a policeman. Now, it has become extremely grave; because the whole power of the State could not put so many objectors in confinement; indeed, the crucial point is that the objectors might, to use an old nautical phrase, put the ship of State "in irons." The recent desperation, therefore, of some democratic writers to prove that the Transport Workers Conference at Swansea was still more or less true to the Radicalism of twenty years ago, by pointing out that Mr. Havelock Wilson loyally remains on our side, brought no more comfort to us than did the shell-shocked corporal to the brigade staff when he told them the line had gone, but that he had managed to save his platoon commander's map case.

It is not possible to learn much of what working folk are thinking in a daily journey between Fleet Street and the golf course, otherwise Mr. Havelock Wilson would not have been welcomed as a sign that Dockland is one with Kensington, nor would Mr. Harry Gosling have been ignored in the Press comments. Mr. Gosling's simple presidential speech, accepting for his own people the Premier's advice to be "audacious," was, of course, the significant event of the conference. There is not in the Cabinet a statesman more cautious and sagacious (to put it mildly) than Mr. Gosling. Among the transport workers, and particularly among the London men, Mr. Gosling is not only the most trusted of Labor leaders, but he is actually revered. The men would take any word he gave them with just that value he placed upon it. He is not an orator, and he is not a tremendously energetic hustler in the "class war"—in fact, he appears to have none of those qualities which make a Labor leader popular. He avoids publicity (unless the interviewing journalist happens to be one whose understanding he knows he can trust). But his knowledge of his own people is accurate and profound, his full, clear, and acute mind has often baffled the leading barristers employed against him by great trading corporations, and his judgment in council is usually the last word with his colleagues. In fact, he is a very admirable character, and of great influence. Throughout the war he disappeared amid his work for the Government. That he spoke as he did at the conference would have been accepted as the portent it was in any society where there was a just appreciation of high character, and of real power.

THE "Daily News" has done a public service in publishing the facts concerning the disaffection of the Irish police. Dublin Castle has taken immense pains during the last few weeks to prevent the trouble in the R.I.C. from getting known, and a strict censorship has forbidden any reference to it in the Irish Press. At the same time, it is necessary that the matter should be made known to people in this country. For the most important of the principles for which the police are fighting is nothing less than the abolition of militarism, so far as they are concerned. The police in Ireland, as Englishmen too readily forget, are an Army of Occupation. Professor Kettle wittily called them an Army of No Occupation, and that also is largely true. But the



most dangerous occupation they have is certainly not the suppression of crime but the suppression of Ireland. The revolutionary movement of the past few years has added to the dangers of the situation. The police, being a semi-military body, are equipped with arms, and raids for arms on police-barracks by the members of secret societies have to be constantly guarded against. The unrest in the R.I.C. will have done good if it reminds the British people to what an extent we still govern Ireland by sheer militarism. The "Daily Chronicle" suggests that the recent pro-Irish resolution of the American Senate was the result of misrepresentations about Ireland. The facts, I should have thought, are damning enough. A small nation is being choked at our doors, and the coupons of many Liberals are being forcibly used for that purpose. I fear this fact, at least, is too clear to be misunderstood, even as far away as America.

A STAFF OFFICER, once at G.H.Q., in approving of my note last week on Mr. Asquith, says something more. "But there was a shortage of high-explosive shells at first, nevertheless. Yet that, strangely enough, is another affair altogether; and had Lord Northcliffe and the other militarists been wise, they would have buried the scandal so deeply that none but the common soldiers would have known anything of it; and nobody would pay much attention to them when the war was finished. The truth of the matter lies simply in the incapacity of great militarists to understand their own business. Bloch told them long ago what the war would be like, but they knew better, and they were wrong, of course. They always are, in every war. All the great military minds of Europe, the German included, had decided, when preparing for this war, that it would be fought in the open, and would be quickly ended. Therefore the artillery should be mainly of field guns, which would use shrapnel. Heavy artillery would only hamper quick movement. But the Germans, with the sole object of reducing fortresses, had a quantity of heavy metal; yet those haughty duffers actually forgot that, and only remembered it when they had wasted three priceless days at Liège and had (we can see now) lost the war. When the war settled down into trenches on the Aisne, the Germans discovered their howitzers and high-explosive shells were very lucky; but they were merely lucky, and were not designed for that. So while we listen with rising passion to the disputes about the shell-shortage, our minds are safely diverted, you observe, from regarding the essential stupidity—which is simply our own for allowing our national security to rest upon military intelligence. Mr. Asquith has first-class information on this important matter, and with the Peace Treaty before him, and knowing as he does what it certainly implies, what a service he could perform for us, and for all humanity, if he would only give away, not part, but the whole of the show!"

THE best thing I have seen or heard of in London this week is "The Owl." It is a miscellany published by Martin Secker. It is a periodical, and its editors announce that it will appear quarterly, or whenever enough suitable material is in their hands. Any editor who was hopeful enough to believe that he would find in his hands, every three months, poetry, prose, and illustrations as good as the contents of this joyous first number, must have been favored with a revelation in his sleep which makes ordinary editorial imaginings look little better than misprints.

CARETAKER.

## Life and Letters.

### LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THE fourth centenary of the death of Leonardo da Vinci, it is reported, has lately been celebrated in Italy. It has passed almost unmarked in England. The British public, in its childlike simplicity, has been passionately absorbed, not as one might foolishly have supposed, in the fate of the world now hanging in the balance, but in the fate of Hawker. It has scarcely so much as heard the name of the man who, first of mankind, not only meditated with concentrated attention on the problem of flight, but realized scientifically the difficulties to be encountered and sought how to overcome them. It so chances, however, that the moment when that hazardous flight was attempted was also the fourth centenary of the death of the true pioneer of aviation, who was also at the same time in many respects the most marvellous man whose presence has ever glorified the earth or exalted our conception of the possibilities of humanity.

When indeed our imagination plays with the idea of a future Over-man, it is Leonardo who comes before us as his forerunner. Vasari, who had never seen Leonardo but has written so admirable an account of him, can only describe him as "supernatural" and "divine." In more recent times Nietzsche remarked of Leonardo that "there is something super-European and silent in him, the characteristic of one who has seen too wide a circle of things good and evil." There Nietzsche touches, even though vaguely, more nearly than Vasari could, a distinguishing mark of this endlessly baffling and enchanting figure. Every man of genius sees the world at a different angle from his fellows, and there is his tragedy. But it is usually a measurable angle. We cannot measure the angle at which Leonardo stands; he strikes athwart the line of our conventional human thought in ways that are sometimes a revelation and sometimes an impenetrable mystery. We are reminded of the saying of Heraclitus: "Men hold some things wrong and some right; God holds all things fair." There has been much dispute as to whether he was above all an artist or a man of science. It is a foolish and even unmeaning dispute. In the vast orbit in which Leonardo moved the distinction had little or no existence. That was inexplicable to his contemporaries, whose opinions Vasari echoes. They marvelled ignorantly at his learning and proficiency, but he seemed to them variable and unstable. They could not understand that he was not of the crowd of makers of pretty things who filled the workshops of Florence. They saw a man of beautiful aspect and fine proportions, with a long curled beard and wearing a rose-colored tunic, and they called him a craftsman, an artist, and thought him rather fantastic.

But the medium in which the artist worked was Nature, the medium in which the scientist works; every problem in painting was to Leonardo a problem in science, every problem in physics he approached in the spirit of the artist. "Human ingenuity," he said, "can never devise anything more simple and more beautiful, or more to the purpose, than Nature does." For him, as later for Spinoza, reality and perfection were the same thing. Both aspects of life he treats as part of his task—the extension of the field of human knowledge, the intension of the power of human skill; for art, or, as he called it, practice, without science, he said, is a boat without a rudder. Certainly he occupied himself much with painting, the common medium of self-expression in his day, though he produced so few pictures; he even wrote a treatise on painting; he possessed, indeed, a wider perception of its possibilities than any artist who ever lived. "Here is the creator of modern landscape!" exclaimed Corot before Leonardo's pictures, and a remarkable description he has left of the precise effects of color and light produced when a woman in white stands on green grass in bright sunshine shows that Leonardo clearly apprehended the *plein airiste's* problem. Doubtless it is possible to show that he foresaw still later methods. He rejected these methods because it seemed to him that the artist could

work most freely by moving midway between light and darkness, and indeed he, first of painters, succeeded in combining them,—just as he said also that Pleasure and Pain should be imagined as twins, since they are ever together yet back to back since they are ever contrary,—and devised the method of *chiaroscuro*, by which light reveals the richness of shade and shade heightens the brightness of light. No invention could be more characteristic of this man whose grasp of the world ever involved the union of opposites, and of opposites both apprehended more intensely than falls to the lot of other men.

Yet it is noteworthy that Leonardo constantly speaks of the artist's function as searching into and imitating Nature, a view which the orthodox artist anathematizes. Leonardo was not the orthodox artist, not, even, perhaps, as he is traditionally regarded, one of the world's supreme painters. One may even sympathize with Mr. Bernhard Berenson's fierce but engaging attempt in recent years—unconvincing as it has seemed—to "expose" Leonardo. The drawings Mr. Berenson, like everyone else, admires wholeheartedly, but, save for the unfinished "Adoration," which he regards as a summit of art, he finds the paintings mostly meaningless and repellent. He cannot rank Leonardo as an artist higher than Botticelli, and concludes that he was not so much a great painter as a great inventor in painting. With that conclusion it is possible that Leonardo himself would have agreed. Painting was to him, he said, a subtle invention whereby philosophical speculation can be applied to all the qualities of forms. He seemed to himself to be, here and always, a man standing at the mouth of the gloomy cavern of Nature with arched back, one hand resting on his knee and the other shading his eyes as he peers intently into the darkness, possessed by fear and desire, fear of the threatening gloom of that cavern, desire to discover what miracle it might hold. We are far here from the traditional attitude of the painter; we are nearer to the attitude of that great seeker into the mysteries of Nature who felt in old age that he had only been a child gathering shells and pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of truth.

It is almost as plausible to regard Leonardo as primarily an engineer as primarily a painter. He offered his services as a military engineer and architect to the Duke of Milan, and set forth at length his manifold claims, which include, one may note, the ability to construct what we should now, without hesitation, describe as "tanks." At a later period he actually was appointed architect and engineer-general to Cæsar Borgia, and in this capacity was engaged in a variety of works. He has indeed been described as the founder of professional engineering. His science always tended to become applied science. Experience shows the road to practice, he said, science is the guide of art. Thus he saw every problem in the world as in the wide sense a problem in engineering. All Nature was a dynamic process of forces beautifully effecting work, and it is this as it were instinctive vision of the world as a whole which seems to give Leonardo that marvellous *flair* for detecting vital mechanism in every field. It is impossible even to indicate summarily the vast extent of the region in which he was creating a new world, from the statement, which he set down in large letters, "The sun does not move," the earth being, he said, a star, "much like the moon," down to such ingenious original devices as the construction of a diving bell. It is enough—following expert scientific guidance—to enumerate a few points; he studied botany in the biological spirit, he was a founder of geology, discovering the significance of fossils and realizing the importance of river erosion, by his studies in the theories of mechanics and their utilization in peace and war he made himself the prototype of the modern man of science. He was in turn biologist in every field of vital mechanism, and the inaugurator before Vesalius (who, however, knew nothing of his predecessor's work) of the minute study of anatomy. He was hydraulician, geometrician, algebraist, mechanician, optician. He was the seer of coming steam engines and of steam navigation and transporta-

tion. He was, again, the inventor of innumerable varieties of ballistic machines and ordnance, of steam guns and breech-loading arms with screw breech-block. These are but a few of the fields in which Leonardo's marvellous insight into the nature of the forces that make the world, and his divining art of the methods of employing them to human use, have of late years been revealed. For centuries they were concealed in notebooks scattered through Europe and with difficulty decipherable. Yet they are not embodied in vague utterances of casual intuition, but display a laborious concentration on the precise details of the difficulties to be overcome. Nor was patient industry in him, as often happens, the substitute for natural facility, for he was a person of marvellous natural facility, and, as such persons are apt to be, most eloquent and persuasive in speech. At the same time his more general and reflective conclusions are expressed in a style, combining the maximum of clarity with the maximum of concision—far indeed removed from the characteristic florid redundancy of Italian prose—which makes Leonardo, in addition to all else, a supreme master of language.\*

Yet the man to whom we must credit these vast intellectual achievements was no abstracted philosopher shut up in a laboratory. He was, even to look upon, one of the most attractive and vivid figures that ever walked the earth. As has sometimes happened with divine and mysterious persons, he was the natural child of his mother Caterina, of whom we are only told that she was "of good blood," belonging to Vinci like Ser Piero the father, and that a few years after Leonardo's birth she became the reputable wife of a citizen of her native town. Ser Piero da Vinci was a notary, of a race of notaries, but the busiest notary in Florence and evidently a man of robust vigor; he married four times, and his youngest child was fifty years the junior of Leonardo. We hear of the extraordinary physical strength of Leonardo himself, of his grace and charm, of his accomplishments in youth, especially in singing and playing on the lute, though he had but an elementary school education. Except for what he learnt in the workshop of the many-sided but then still youthful Verrocchio he was his own schoolmaster, and was thus aided to attain that absolute emancipation from authority and tradition which made him indifferent even to the Greeks, to whom he was most akin. He was left-handed; his peculiar method of writing long raised the suspicion that it was deliberately adopted for concealment, but it is to-day recognized as simply the ordinary mirror-writing of a left-handed child without training. This was not the only anomaly in Leonardo's strange nature. We now know that he was repeatedly charged as a youth on suspicion of homosexual offences; the result remains obscure, but there is some reason to think he knew the inside of a prison. Throughout life he loved to surround himself with beautiful youths, though no tradition of license or vice clings to his name. The precise nature of his sexual temperament remains obscure. It mocks us but haunts us from out of his most famous pictures. There is, for instance, the "John the Baptist" of the Louvre, which we may dismiss with the distinguished art critic of to-day as an impudent blasphemy or brood over long without being clearly able to determine into what obscure region of the Freudian Unconscious Leonardo had here adventured. Freud himself has devoted one of his most fascinating essays to a psycho-analytic interpretation of Leonardo's enigmatic personality. He admits it is a speculation; we may take it or leave it. But Freud has rightly apprehended that in Leonardo sexual passion was largely sublimated into intellectual passion, in accordance with his own saying, "Nothing can be loved or hated unless first we have knowledge of it," or, as he elsewhere said: "True and great love springs out of great knowledge, and where you know little you can love but little or not at all." So it was that Leonardo became a master

\*For the Italian reader of Leonardo, the flat little volume of "Frammenti," edited by Dr. Solmi and published by Barbera, is a precious and inexhaustible pocket companion. For the English reader Mr. MacCurdy's larger, but much less extensive volume of extracts from the "Note Books," or the still further abridged "Thoughts" must suffice. Herbert Horne's annotated version of Vasari's "Life" is excellent for Leonardo's personality and career.



of life. So it was that Vasari could report of him—almost in the words it was reported of another supreme but widely different figure, the Jesuit saint, Francis Xavier—that “with the splendor of his most beautiful countenance he made serene every broken spirit.” To possess by self-mastery the sources of love and hate is to transcend good and evil, and so to possess the Over-man’s power of binding up the hearts that are broken by good and evil.

Every person of genius is in some degree at once man, woman, and child. Leonardo was all three in the extreme degree, and yet without any apparent conflict. The infantile strain is unquestioned, and, apart from the problem of his sexual temperament, Leonardo was a child even in his extraordinary delight in devising fantastic toys and contriving disconcerting tricks, and drawing mysterious symbolic designs that have foolishly suggested to some that he was an occultist. His more than feminine tenderness is equally clear, alike in his pictures and in his life. Isabella d’Este in asking him to paint the boy Jesus in the Temple justly referred to “the gentleness and sweetness which mark your art.” His tenderness was shown not only towards human beings, but all living things, animals and even plants, and it would appear that he was a vegetarian. Yet at the same time he was emphatically masculine, altogether free from weakness or softness. He delighted in ugliness as well as in beauty, he liked visiting the hospitals to study the sick in his thirst for knowledge; he pondered over battles and fighting, he showed no compunction in planning devilish engines of military destruction. His mind was of a definitely realistic and positive cast; though there seems no field of thought he failed to enter he never touched metaphysics, and though his worship of Nature has the emotional tone of religion, even of ecstasy, he was clearly disdainful of the established religions, and perpetually shocked “the timid friends of God.” By precept and by practice he proclaimed the lofty solitude of the individual soul, and he felt only contempt for the herd. We see how this temper became impressed on his face in his own drawing of himself in old age, with that intent and ruthless gaze wrapped in intellectual contemplation of the outspread world.

Leonardo comes before us, indeed, in the end, as a figure for awe rather than for love. Yet, as the noblest type of the Over-man we faintly try to conceive, Leonardo is the foe not of man but of the enemies of man. The great secrets that with clear vision his stern grip tore from Nature, the new instruments of power that his energy wrought, they were all for the use and delight of mankind. So Leonardo is the everlasting embodiment of that brooding human spirit whose task never dies. Still to-day it stands at the mouth of the gloomy cavern of Nature, even of Human Nature, with bent back and shaded eyes, seeking intently to penetrate the gloom beyond, with the fear of that threatening darkness, with the desire of what redeeming miracle it yet perchance may hold.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

#### THE CLASS WAR IN THE ARTS.

In few countries of the world are the arts so divorced from organised national life as in Great Britain. The State, of course, pays but the most cursory homage to Minerva; its Civil List allowances are insulting in their stinginess; its Stage Censorship is an historic relic and a standing joke. Grand Opera must be suckled at the breast of Commerce, and, if the promised Shakespeare National Theatre is ever established, it will probably arise at the by-your-leave of Mæcenas, not at the fiat of a people. We have no Ministry of the Arts, where the dull and timid who have failed elsewhere may be compensated with the opportunity of clothing Venus in red tape from ten to six. The absence of Municipal Theatres is not altogether a tragedy in view of the presence of some Municipal Art Galleries, and the history of our Established Church is certainly a cogent argument for disestablishing all things of the spirit. We do not complain because our bureaucrats have forgotten to nationalize Art, but we do most strongly regret the

undeniable neglect of art in our public life and institutions, because it is a symbol of a deep and dangerous division.

For here, as in the world of commerce, stand the Many and the Few: here, too, is a war of classes. The division is not of wealth, but of taste. On one and the same side are ranged the millions with novelette and wonder-film, the middle-class library-subscribers and theatre-goers with their best sellers and shining stars, and the plutocrats with their flattering portrait-painters and insatiable craze for the latest importation of freak-music, freak-dancing, and freak-decoration. Against these Many stand the Few, “the musical people,” “the painting people,” and “the writing people,” who live or try to live by taking in each other’s inspirations. The Many can afford to retain their own particular troupes of intellectual and emotional pandars, safe men who can be relied upon to do nothing disturbing and never “to put ideas into young people’s heads”—as if they actually had ideas to spare! To the Many the artist who is not a pandar is a crank, and a crank is regarded either as a joke or a dangerous nuisance: when he ceases to be funny he ought to be shut up. To the creative Few their patrons are a source of despair. It is not a happy situation.

It takes two to quarrel, and here, as in most strife, there is something to be said on both sides: and there is the usual obstinacy and folly, both parties refusing accommodation. The Many regard the Few as obstinate high-brows, immersed in chilly gloom; for the million Art is always something unpleasant because it is something challenging, always something nasty, because “it takes you into yourself,” and they very properly have no wish to see their own insides: so they pass it by and continue to reward with the salaries deemed meet for the salacious, the sycophants and jesters at King Demos’ court, who know so well how “to take people out of themselves.”

But the Few err likewise. They blame the mob for the situation that has arisen, but of course the mob is not wholly to blame. In these days of complex social relations nothing short of an encyclopædic essay can truthfully explain any phase of common life. The mob is to blame for neglect of art: so is Capitalism, so is the State, so is our semi-education, so is the Gutter Press, so is human nature, and so are numberless things—including the attitude of the Few. Their isolation has made them narrow, as the intolerance of a Tory family may drive a Liberal son to cynicism or utter priggishness. They have learned to glorify their isolation. To be stewing in their own juice is no longer a punishment, but a source of pride.

Instances of this attitude are common enough. The people who condemn Music Halls on artistic grounds are the people who never go into them. It is enough for them that the Many go there. They would say that Mr. Bert Coote is perfectly silly, as indeed he is, silly to perfection. They hear that a star gets two hundred pounds a week and condemn him on the hearing. But there are no great stars who are not genuine artists in their own line: only let some of their critics realize by experience how immense a task it is to hold a vast and possibly restless audience with a single personality. The Many, who pay, may be fools, but they are not such fools as all that. If the Music Hall is to be improved all round it will be improved by clever people writing for it, not by clever people writing against it.

Again, “the musical person” is terribly in isolation, and naturally is frequently driven into a pose of superiority. He will have nothing popular, and the people take their revenge by having nothing of him. At a continental café one can hear every kind of music to suit every kind of taste, and apparently every one enjoys it; but here as a rule we must have all “classics” or all “moderns,” the exclusive chamber-concert or the restaurant-band. The mixed bill does, of course, exist, but it is rare: the Few do not encourage it. Just as the purist in education is the real enemy of the classics, so the purist in music is the real enemy of classical music.

The result of this social dichotomy is not only disastrous for the public, which is driven to have all or nothing of Beethoven or Billy Merzon, but also equally



disastrous for the artist. Despised of his fellows, the "popular" artist, probably against his own inclination, is driven to take out naturalization papers in Philistia, while the exclusive artist falls back upon some darling coterie and limits himself to the narrow confines of his own particular province in Bohemia. While the art of the Philistine passes into mere sentimentality or horse-play, the art of the coterie ends in mere æstheticism and the abomination of art for art's sake. However much art may demand individuality in method of expression, its raw material must always be the common work and play, tears and laughter, needs and aspirations of humanity. Hence the artist who withdraws in indignation, more often self-righteous than righteous, from what he considers to be the degrading welter of vulgarity, usually does himself the worst possible service. Of course there is a cant of "seeing life" just as there is a cant of the "blind eye," but there has never been a great artist who despised and shunned humanity. The art of the clique may prettily embroider the texture of life, but it can never shape it. Decoration and creation are poles asunder, and talking will not make them one. The great community is one where art and humanity are linked in fruitful wedlock.

For the sake, then, both of the community and of the artist, the need for conciliation is urgent. That dragon Industrialism is being forced to disgorge a living wage and a shorter working-day. The nation will have more money to spend on recreation and a great deal more time to spend it in. There is a growing tendency for the public-house to pass into the café, and there is at least a demand for more communal life in country districts. If, when local orchestras spring into existence, "the musical people" boycott them because they sometimes play musical comedy, they will very soon play nothing but musical comedy. If, when Amateur Dramatic Societies arise, they limit themselves, under the misguidance of the repertory mind, to reproductions of "Chains" and "The Silver Box," they will soon subside. It is not through lack of aptitude that we are an unmusical and undramatic nation: it is just a vile tradition. And if the Few continue to confine their energies to exclusive chamber-concerts and dramas of despair that tradition will never be broken.

Finally, it is time for our younger painters and designers to form a National Union of Decorators, to leave the intimate delights of exhibitions by Chelsea for Chelsea, and to lay violent and vulgar siege to every public body in the country. We cannot allow history to repeat itself: we cannot allow the Few to go on drawing pretty pictures for the Few, while the Many go on building ugly houses for the Many. But if the artist comes down from Olympus to save the plain man from the jerry-builder and the War Memorial Contractor, the plain man must go half-way to meet him. He must not grudge him quality in his raw material, he must allow him freedom in his methods, and he must pay him at least as well as he pays his dustman. Above all, he must stop regarding him as a lunatic. Then, if the Many stop laughing, the Few must stop sneering. The Class War in the Arts is an intolerable disgrace, and just as wasteful as the Class War in industry or the imperialist wars of nations. Like all wars it can be stopped only by a spiritual recognition of the futility of strife coupled with an honest readiness to negotiate. If the war continues, æstheticism may flourish in its holes and corners, but art must die. Peace does not depend upon plenipotentiaries at a Round Table, but on a simple effort of imagination made by the combatants on either side.

## Music.

### OUR PUCCINI FESTIVAL.

THERE was once a musician, notoriously German, who originated the idea of giving festival performances of his own compositions—doubtless for his own profit and that of the crafty hotel-keepers of a village

called Bayreuth. The idea, unfortunately, was successful. Munich, the centre, as we all know, of European decadence, not only lifted it bodily, but developed it considerably. A yearly festival was also inaugurated to advertize the music of that typically gross Hun, Mozart. Not to be outdone, Stuttgart (I think) started a Strauss festival, and thus, by these crafty and multiple devices, much good money was enticed from the pockets of American, British, and even French patriots.

It has occurred apparently to some person or persons unknown that something on the same lines might with advantage be started in London. So under the convenient alias of a Covent Garden Opera Season we are enjoying what really amounts to a festival devoted to the works of Puccini. Not, however, a complete one. Surely the master must have written an opera before "Manon Lescaut"? Nor is it clear why "La Figlia del West," a work which mentions whisky more often in the space of half-an-hour than any other opera, "Madama Butterfly" not excepted, should have failed so far to materialize. One would have thought that the peculiarly appealing nature of this striking feature would have gained the immediate sympathy of any audience at the present time. However, in the intervals between the Puccini performances it is possible to hear the music of the incomparable Massenet quite frequently. Moreover, we are promised a novelty by Verdi dating, if my memory serves me well, from about the middle of the last century. And, as that is precisely the kind of novelty which fashionable opera audiences seem to prefer, everything is for the best in the best of all possible repertoires.

Now quite a number of musicians, professional and amateur, I am afraid have lost their tempers when talking or even thinking about Covent Garden. That is very silly indeed. We all take opera too seriously. Apart from Wagner's amazing but rather ponderous experiments and a few isolated instances like "Fidelio" or "Pelléas et Mélisande," opera is and always has been primarily a social function, secondarily an accepted convention for the display of the human voice, and lastly, as an unavoidable necessity, an art-form for the expression of musical ideas. For my part I like it. I enjoy seeing my friends in their best clothes, and I have always found the *Intermezzo* in "Cavalleria Rusticana" the best stimulus to flippant conversation imaginable. Moreover, like many other people, I love the sound of the human voice, and I happen to be interested in the technique of singing. A Caruso, stepping forward to the footlights and emitting the loudest volume of sound of which he is capable, gives me acute physical pleasure, like sunlight or the feel of silk. A Tetrizzini or a Bonci hold me fascinated by the skill and resource with which they control their voices and produce their effects. All this may seem to lay undue emphasis on my own personal feelings, but there is the entire point. The question is solely one of personal taste; and it is as reasonable to try to correlate these particular pleasures with music as to argue about the superiority of asparagus over port wine. They have nothing whatever to do with each other. The fact of the matter, of course, is that opera may be divided roughly into two categories, the first and larger category where the singer comes first and the composer last, the second where the position is reversed. For the sake of convenience we will christen the second music-drama, leaving to the first the name of opera.

Music drama was a definite revolt against the tyranny of the singer, and most of the great musicians who wrote for the stage inclined naturally to this form. Beginning with Gluck, through Wagner, down to Strauss and Debussy, they proclaimed their independence of vocal tyranny. Operas, on the other hand, were generally the province of lesser men. Not always, however. Verdi, at his best a really great composer, wrote the most operatic of operas; and even the divine Mozart took great thought for the requirements of his singers. It is not then strictly true to say that all music-dramas are superior to all operas. Many instances to the contrary occur immediately to the mind. But speaking

generally, it is sufficiently true. Again, it would be, I think, impossible to draw a definite line on one side of which everything is opera, on the other music-drama. Ambroise Thomas is as clearly a writer of opera as Richard Wagner of music-drama, but between the two there are as many intermediate varieties of species as of merit. Now, to my mind, it is these intermediate composers, men like Puccini, Massenet, on the lower level, and Gounod, Delibes on the higher, that have caused all the trouble. Obsessed by the amazing Victorian belief that opera is the highest form of musical expression—the truth being, of course, that to chamber-music belongs this honor, and that opera so far from being the highest is the lowest musical art-form—we have become accustomed to rank these men far too high. The difference between Puccini and the composer of "The Chocolate Soldier" is one of degree rather than of kind. Their music belongs to the same species, the species that exists to tickle the ear with sounds more or less intrinsically agreeable. It is, in fact, musical verse not musical poetry. The test is an emotional one. Sardou's melodrama, "Tosca," gains nothing in horror from Puccini's music, though it is certainly the best the composer has written. This would not have been the case if a great musical poet like Wagner or Mozart or even a lesser musical poet like Strauss or Korsakoff or Debussy had taken his place. Such a composer would either have seen his way to intensify the emotional appeal of his libretto or he would have left it alone altogether. Again, Gounod, delightful though much of his music is, so far from adding anything to "Faust" first had Goethe's masterpiece changed into a sentimental story about Marguerite and then set it to even more sentimental, feminine music. The second-rate composer must be sentimental at all costs, because he knows he cannot rise to real emotion. Hence, I suppose, the predilection of Puccini and Massenet for frail femininity. Nothing seems to appeal to the torpid emotions of the over-fed so readily as the spectacle of an attractive and excusable lapse from female virtue.

So it is really a mistake to get angry about Covent Garden from the musical point of view, because, speaking generally, there is no musical point of view to get angry about. What one may legitimately point out is that the audience is as fashionable and as gullible as ever. I have not heard many performances, but "Rigoletto" was, I thought, given worse than by a certain travelling company in 1916 at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. However, the main thing is that the operas cannot be understood. There is, apparently, a magic about Italian—often bad Italian sung by English men and women—that enables the management to charge twenty-five shillings for a seat under any circumstances. Sometimes the language is French; on one occasion, I believe, it was both combined. That should have been a very expensive evening. But it all seemed a little absurd seeing that, apart from Lappas (a very accomplished tenor, by the way), all the best singers were English-speaking.

FRANCIS TOYE.

## Short Studies.

### THE CLOGGER.

BETWEEN the slopes of the valley stand the tents of the clog-cutters. In each a man is at work in a huff of wind that bellies the canvas and fans in his face the scents of wood and field. Along its course the stream at the bottom is marked by stumps of alder-bushes, red with the spring sap. It will be another twenty-five years before the alders can be cut again. The fallen trunks are now being sawn into blocks the length of a man's foot, ready for the "breakers," who shape the cut blocks into soles on their stock-knives. The alder cuts like mottled soap on the long hinged knife that can only be got—to

wear—from Yorkshire. This, however, is Torbryan in the West, just under a rocky tor, and the clog-soles that are shaped here of Devon alder will be finished up North and worn by Lancashire mill-hands.

The first breaker is a wonderful old man. I've walked four miles and more to see him, and he's worth the trouble. With burly trunk and great limbs, he is the cleanest man one could possibly meet, rosy as though just out of a cold bath, with a checked shirt that has been dried on a hawthorn hedge, and a fringe of white hair round a pink scalp. Since he was twelve he has worked in the open as a clogger, and now he is seventy-nine. His day's work—his "whack"—is six dozen pairs of clog-soles, paid as piece-work. Besides this, he reads four newspapers a day, provincial ones, from places where the local press, as he puts it, "got him." He earns over £3 a week, and West Ireland, rural England, and the Welsh dingles are as familiar to him as they were to Borrow. When his daughter wishes him to "give over" and live with her, what he says is:—"Do you want to bury me?"

He has his views on Ireland, and asks me slyly where the ugly old women come from over there, when the girls are so beautiful. But when I don't know, he says it's because of the peat smoke, that produces fumed flesh instead of fumed oak. I wonder how many times he has cracked that joke.

The other cloggers are proud of the old man, and rightly, for he is of as good a type as any that England produces, easy, humorous, self-respecting, and with no sympathy whatever for what he calls "wild notions," that is, ideas outside the orthodox. There is nothing shoddy anywhere about him, and, even at a time when clothes are dear and poor, his flannels, his trousers, are of first-class materials. Wherever he goes, he tells me, he gets the pick of the village lodgings, because he's never at a loss for a ten-shilling Bradbury. Comfort he has always had and always valued, and what he hates is change, all change, except, of course, the nomad life to which long habit has accustomed him. Theoretically, women should not do paid work, but since the war, the block-sawing has often been done by women at ninepence an hour. And even he can see the advantage to a woman cursed with a husband who "lifts his elbow" of a chance to earn a bit of money by an occasional afternoon's work. Very English is he, but even an Englishman gives in when he is confronted with the logic of the accomplished fact. His Trade Unionism is deeply rooted, and he tells me sharply that the Cloggers' Union will never admit workers to the trade who have not been bound apprentices—no, not if these should be discharged soldiers. The constitution of things is what he stands by, and not even this time of change is going to change him.

Then a flash passes across his rosy face, a flash of feeling. It has nothing to do with the war, or the future, or his sons in the Metropolitan Police, or his comforts. It is called forth, in fact, by nothing but the craftsman's sheer joy in his job, in the greatness of his work. And that is something so strange to-day that perhaps it is only in some out-of-the-way corner like this that it will be found. From the heap beside him—his day's work—he lifts one of the alder soles, and shows me how it is curved to catch the ball of the foot and support the instep. It is hollowed, indeed, like the ventre of the sabot.

"That's where the clogger's skill comes in," says he, smoothing the curve with his right hand, "you'll not get that in any flat machine-made stuff. It's that hollow that cures flat-foot and makes the shoes as easy as leather to walk on. And clogs cure rheumatism and chest diseases, they do say. For see here, the wooden sole sweats downwards toward the toe and out at the cap. It's like a dog's tongue that way, and you can't keep wet feet with clogs on. Runs out at the toe, the sweat does. But leather—pah! Why, up North every country town has its clog-shop. They know a good thing when they see it, do they Northerners?"

"And down South we don't?" asked I. "But aren't clogs noisy on pavements? And even in the North, don't rich people try to forget the time when they wore clogs—before the money was made?"

"There's fools even up North," said he.



"And you—?" I asked, glancing down at his boots of first-class leather.

"They do say," twinkled he, "that the boot-maker's wife allays goes the worst shod."

But what he really likes best is to have "everything handsome about him." His boots, his fine shirts, are a protest against the common idea that lumps clog-cutters, gipsies, and tinkers all together. First and last he's a thoroughly respectable man: bacon and eggs for breakfast, roast beef for dinner, and ham for supper, lilac-scented sheets and the best house in the village go with boots, not clogs. Between his respectability and his craftsmanship he makes his choice like an Englishman.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

## Present-Day Problems

### TRANSPORT WORKERS AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

THE Swansea conference of the National Federation of Transport Workers was an event of considerable significance. The discussions were characterized by much plain speaking, but an eager desire was also manifest to pass beyond the war controversies which lately divided and weakened the forces of Labor in critical hours, and to return to an understanding on broad industrial lines. Even more important was the sense of perspective and the appreciation of relative values shown by the delegates in devoting nearly the whole of the time of the conference to the questions of militarism at home and the re-establishment of the international organization of the transport workers. Differences of opinion regarding the policy to be pursued in combating militarism were revealed. This was inevitable, when the issue of industrial or political action was directly raised; but on internationalism there was an almost surprising degree of unanimity, if the insensate hate-preaching of the Havelock Wilson faction is left out of account. Not the least heartening feature of the conference was the exposure of the weakness of this faction. Such influence as it ever possessed is flickering out, and only Mr. Wilson's frail health and the memories of past days saved the seamen's leader from scorching criticism after he had baited the delegates remorselessly with taunts and sarcasm. The measure of his strength was seen in the vote on his motion to delete the references to the International in the annual report. He carried only seven thousand votes in addition to the cards of the seamen. The paragraph in the report which was approved so decisively embodied a resolution passed at the recent Amsterdam conference called to reconstitute the International Transport Workers' Federation. It provided that a temporary committee of five should be appointed to draft a new constitution, under which the administration of the Federation is to be divided into five sections, dealing respectively with seafaring, railway, dock and waterside, road traffic and transport, and inland waterway workers. The committee consists of one member each from Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, France, and Scandinavia, and is acting in co-operation with the Dutch Secretariat. The report of the committee and the draft constitution will be considered at an international congress to be held not later than October.

The report showed that the conference well remembered the wrongs and sufferings endured by seamen, and a resolution was passed referring to the "awful destruction of human life consequent upon the German submarine warfare, amounting to something like 20,000 lives," and calling upon the German organizations "to use every means within their power to require their Government to provide full compensation for the families of the seafaring workers who have been killed or injured by the use of submarines." This resolution was accepted by the German representatives, who also agreed to a proposal of the British Federation that the headquarters of the International Transport Federation should be removed from Berlin. It is natural that in the discussion of a body constituted primarily for industrial activities

attention should be directed mainly to material and economic considerations, but wider and higher issues were not overlooked. Slowly but surely the news of the condition of Central Europe, and of the volcanic fires which are generating in France and Italy, is reaching the understanding of the nation, and before this knowledge the propaganda of those who fear the attainment of unity and understanding among the "proletariat" of Europe is failing. The supreme need for the restoration of friendship and co-operation, and the responsibility for securing these things which the Paris Treaty has placed upon organized Labor, were expressed with force and courage at Swansea by leaders whose attitude has been more than a little doubtful of late. Mr. Ben Tillett could not forbear a preface in which he denounced the whole German nation in terms which must have caused Mr. Havelock Wilson to glow with expectation, but having thus relieved his hate, Mr. Tillett faced the realities. He derided the suggestions that Germany is working out some subtle plot for the re-establishment of Prussianism. He saw a chastened German people who have learned their lesson, and he saw that Britain must give the lead in the movement to create a better world order which this chastened spirit of Germany now makes possible, if that of the victors in the war can be attuned to it. "If we give a lead to the world we shall find the world responsive. The Germans have learned their lesson, and I want us in a new world organization at least to give them a chance."

Mr. Gosling's declaration that "as a nation with sportsmanlike traditions and sportsmanlike character we should shake hands with our old-time opponents" has evoked a fierce onslaught from the hatred-mongers in the Press. Mr. Gosling probably expected this, but he sees clearly, with Mr. Tillett and Mr. Sexton, that, however bitterly the German conduct of the war may be resented, the only hope of humanity now is to eradicate the hostilities, dissensions, and suspicions which are the seeds of war. Therefore he charges the workers to "let bygones be bygones, and to think only of the future possibilities which lie in the greater co-operation of the nations." Mr. Sexton was loth to obey the injunction, and he was confessedly moved by industrial rather than political considerations to declare that nations cannot exist for ever in a state of animosity, and that "international solidarity is essential for the transport workers." This industrial aspect of the discussion showed how vitally important the international labor conference may become in liberating the League of Nations from its bonds, and shaping its activities to real and beneficent achievements. Both Mr. Gosling and Mr. Tillett understood the intrigue which would keep the workers aloof internationally, while manufacturers and financiers, whose patriotism is seen in its essential meaning when they are engaged in international transactions, keep active the fears which bemuse Labor all the world over. Mr. Gosling spoke of the readiness of capitalistic employers to take advantage of national and racial enmities among the workers of Britain and Germany "in order that they may strain those workers to greater indignities, and at the same time increase their profits," and Mr. Tillett declared that British capitalists were already making arrangements with German capitalists, and that therefore a new international transport workers' federation would be futile without the Germans.

The discussion showed plainly that when the transient controversies left by the war have died away the transport workers will be solidly for internationalism, for the realization of a new "camaraderie," to quote the word with which Mr. Tillett met the taunt of Mr. Havelock Wilson that if the affiliation fees to the Federation were increased it would simply enable the executive to go to the Continent to "shake hands with their German brothers." For the moment, however, unity in the Federation has not been completely attained, owing to the fact that differences are evoked by the proposal of the miners' leaders and the Federation's secretary to fight conscription by the industrial weapon. The speeches revealed both strong support for and tenacious opposition to industrial action on the issues raised by the



miners, but Mr. Havelock Wilson's violence against the executive for having participated in the Triple Alliance discussions and decisions on the subject was listened to with impatience, and his vote of censure was decisively beaten. Mr. Sexton and Mr. Will Thorne expressed the feelings of a number of delegates when they declared for constitutional parliamentary action, while admitting the seriousness of the Government policy which makes the continuance of conscription necessary. The half-hearted apologies for the Russian expeditions which were heard had no better justification than a mere expression of hostility to Lenin and Trotsky. The real issue in the mind of the conference, however, was the use of the industrial power of the Triple Alliance for purposes outside the range of normal trade union movements, and the discussion leaves no room for doubt that considerable numbers of the rank and file of the workers are disquieted at the prospect of being drawn suddenly into a strike for what they consider to be primarily questions for Parliament, although, as Mr. Sexton pointed out, questions arising out of conscription and the blockade have a very real industrial aspect. Mr. Gosling suggested to the conference that definite instructions should be given to the executive for the forthcoming meeting of the Triple Alliance at Southport, but in view of the wide cleavage of opinion it would not have been easy to secure an explicit and unanimous mandate. Mr. Tillett, who condemned unsparingly any proposal to resort to a general strike on these issues, submitted and carried a resolution which will certainly prevent precipitate action by the Triple Alliance, and which may, indeed, render concerted industrial action impossible. By the terms of the resolution the Federation cannot be committed to any policy by its executive until a ballot vote of the members has been taken. The precedent of the miners was used with telling effect in the discussion, but up to the present both railwaymen and transport workers have rejected the ballot in industrial activities because delays are unavoidable when workers are scattered and mobile. The miners, being concentrated, can take a ballot swiftly. The transport workers would probably take many weeks, and still show incomplete figures. A strike proposal might, therefore, become ineffective through delay, apart from the possibility of defeat in the ballot.

## Communications.

### AMERICA, THE SENATE, AND THE TREATY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There can never have been, I suppose, in any country, a situation of such moment for ourselves which, to the English public in general, has been more puzzling than the situation in the United States is to-day. As much almost as anything in this terrible tangle of peace-making, our people want to understand about the currents of American opinion and the position of President Wilson in his own country.

Three months ago they learned that a section of the Senate was violently opposed to the draft covenant of the League of Nations. They were assured that this section was a small minority, with comparatively little backing outside Washington. And they accepted Mr. Wilson's assurance that America stood solidly behind the idea and programme of the League. Before the President left a second time for Europe, Congress was dissolved, and as its successor was not called until May there was no means of forming an estimate as to the attitude of the Senate with its party balance now tipped to the Republican side. As it happened, Congress assembled a few days after the presentation of the peace terms at Versailles, and the storm broke immediately. It will be remembered that the demand of the Opposition in the old Senate was that peace should at once be made and the Covenant of the League reserved for future debate. When this demand was renewed last month, it was immensely strengthened by the deep division of opinion upon the treaty itself, and the universal irritation caused by the refusal of the Four to allow publication of the text. This last point is, of course, much simpler than any other in a situation that

is necessarily very complex, and it can be dealt with in a few words.

One thing in this connection may be said without any qualification. From the moment of its becoming known that the treaty had been published in Germany and was on sale in neutral countries, secrecy could not be preserved in America. The fact that, as the newspapers put it, "every storekeeper in Germany" could get a copy of the document, was alone sufficient to defeat the Four; while, in addition to the irritation of the Senate, which is easy enough to understand, we have to remember that the five-years' censorship of mails and the Press has put a tremendous strain upon the friendship of American journalists for England. Unauthorized copies were certain to be available. The official inquiry and Senator Lodge's asseverations as to the one first shown to him are alike irrelevant. The leak is in need of no explanation. It was a mere accident whether the treaty reached the American public first through Senator Borah's reading it into the Congressional Record, or by the enterprize of the Sunday edition of the "New York Times" and "Chicago Tribune." Indeed, we may be quite sure that our acquiescence in the secrecy is being quoted on the other side of the Atlantic as an example of English submissiveness; since the opportunities of Paris and The Hague are at our doors.

As regards the general question, the first point of importance is that of constitutional right. The Senate has co-ordinate authority with the Chief Executive in the making of treaties, but only as regards ratification. The President is not required to submit the provisions of a treaty before completion. The Senate can accept or reject, but it is not empowered to amend. That is to say, its position in regard to an international compact is almost exactly analogous to that of the House of Lords in respect of a Money Bill. But while this is so, Americans of all parties agree with Mr. Taft that the President has not been well advised in his treatment of the Senate, especially since the Armistice and Mr. Wilson's decision to attend the Peace Conference in person. In view of the misgiving felt on all sides as to that decision, together with the vagueness of America's peace policy and the universal ignorance as to what the League of Nations might mean for the United States, there were certain large things which wisdom should have prompted the President to do. First, the appointment of at least one powerful Republican to the Commission of Peace; secondly, consultation with the Senate as to the general line of American action in Paris; thirdly, the announcement, in the farewell message to Congress, of the broad practical principles upon which American opinion might shape itself during the peace discussions. Mr. Wilson did not do these things. He was painfully conscious of the pressure of time and circumstance; and, knowing the force and variousness of the opinion against him, greatly intensified by the suddenness of the end and the completeness of the victory, he went to Paris trusting, I suggest, first to the pressure which the President of the United States could exert at the Conference; and, secondly, to his own power, so often proved, of swinging the American public into line with a great policy, however out of accord with their tradition and habit it might be.

There is little use in dwelling, at the present stage, upon the personal groupings in the Senate. To English eyes, they must seem extraordinary, and the more so as no reference to party alignments is of any assistance. Mr. Lodge, of course, is an old-line Republican, so rooted in the party tradition and so profoundly antipathetic to the President that no Wilson policy, whatever its merit, could make any appeal to him. But how explain Mr. Lodge's association with Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, the leader of the Western progressives, and Senator Borah, of Idaho, who together are stating the case for complete American isolation, and weaving into their argument a comprehensive indictment of British Imperialism? For the rest, Senator Reed, of Missouri, who leads the anti-Wilson Democrats, is so enraged by the Covenant that he is driven to use the appeal to race prejudice in the South and on the Pacific coast, while Senator Knox, a former Secretary of State, calls upon the Senate to reject all leagues and alliances, while proclaiming that the United States will always be prepared to fight on the side of its friends.

It is, I believe, impossible for anyone to forecast the developments of the next three months. Unquestionably, however, the gravest feature of the situation is the Liberal revolt against the President. The New York correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian," who writes with higher authority on this matter than any of his colleagues, cabled in the middle of May: "I confidently predict that the former Wilson Liberals will unite with the opponents of the League to reject the French Alliance and to write America out from the guarantees of the Covenant." He adds:—

"In taking this position the Liberals will have great weight in American opinion, for they have been the active sponsors of the League from the beginning. They will say now that European Governments have defeated the American ideal of settlement, that European Governments have written exactly the terms that they proposed in the secret treaties and the Paris Economic Conference, and that, if that is what they want, they are entitled to it, and must take the consequences."

Hence we have the Liberal "New Republic," for two years Mr. Wilson's most powerful and persuasive ally in the furtherance of the League idea, joined with the harder radicalism (in the English sense) of Mr. Villard and the New York "Nation" in the movement for the repudiation of the treaty and the sacrifice of the Covenant. To these, rejection seems the only possible policy: but, as I need not explain, their reasons are in direct antagonism to those of Senator Lodge and his friends, although they are in accord with at least one aspect of Senator Johnson's anti-imperialist position.

It may well be doubted whether the head of any Administration in a self-governing country has ever been confronted with a confusion so bewildering as that upon which Mr. Wilson is now looking from Paris. He sees arrayed against him a Republican party led by men whose personal hostility is equal to any feeling recorded in our political annals: they are resolved to destroy him, in Europe and America. He sees the Liberals revolted by the terms of the treaty: those men and women who rejoiced in his utterances and trusted his leadership—even when the Administration of which he was the head was controlled by men who seemed not to understand the ideas and purposes of which Mr. Wilson spoke. He sees, moreover, his policy assailed by an indescribable combination, wherein the high conservatism of New England and Pennsylvania is linked with the Hearst Press and the remarkable organization of the Irish, and these together with the progressives of the West, the rigid Republicanism of the Chicago "Tribune," the surviving Civil War sentiment of the South, and the ardent radicalism of the younger groups which have no care for the established parties and little sympathy with the older American sentiment.

The foregoing is only the roughest sketch of the influences converging in this crisis. It requires amplification on all sides. But, I imagine, what the English reader is most inclined to ask is, whether, assuming peace is signed, the President will be able to commend it to the American public, and by so doing overawe the Senate. My answer is, that a peace embodying the main principles of what the world understands by an American settlement would have assured the acceptance of the Covenant—if Article X had been amended and if a clear understanding as to the Monroe Doctrine had been, as it might be, attained. But before May 7th the Covenant was not explained. And now that the terms of the treaty are known, it looks as though Mr. Wilson would find it more even than his great gifts of exposition and persuasion can compass, to carry a League that is so different from his League along with a peace which stands in such terrifying contrast to the peace of his greater vision.—Yours, &c.,

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

## Letters to the Editor.

### LIBERALS, THE WAR, AND THE PEACE.

SIR,—It is perhaps early days to expect THE NATION to proceed to revise the various myths upon which the war has been fought and won by the Entente, but Mr. Hammond's article in your last issue, "The Catastrophe of Paris,"

regarding what the Peace might have been if the politicians had been true to the faith in which the peoples fought and died, prompts me to point out one of them. The war has ended in what you have described as "The Betrayal." The myth lies in the choice of that title for a situation which it would have been franker to call "The Great Disgrace," and throughout the last five years it has lain in the representation of the war as a crusade on the part of this country not to crush Germany, but to make Europe free.

Whom does the Peace Treaty betray? Not those who wanted the war, who saw it coming and who were quite delighted when it came. Not the most powerful press in the country which justly claimed to have been the true prophet of the war, and which frequently jeered at the Liberal newspapers for having been the false prophets of peace. "Yes, we lost; and you, the incendiary of journalism for twenty years, the most sinister influence that has ever corrupted English politics, you WON," woefully admitted A. G. G., of the "Daily News," in his famous letter to Lord Northcliffe in December, 1914. The Peace Treaty crowns Lord Northcliffe's victory of August, 1914. Whom, then, does it betray?

It betrays the myth which the Liberals created because they could not bring themselves at the outbreak of war to face that victory and their own defeat, and whose creation was again a betrayal of the reason which had inspired their courageous, but vain, protest against intervention in the war. Reason spoke clearly enough from the pages of Liberal newspapers until war was declared, never clearer than in that fine leader in the "Manchester Guardian" which attacked as "a crowning effort of cant" the Jingo argument that it would be for the peace of the world that we should intervene. August 3rd, 1914, the date of that article, was the eve of the Great Betrayal of Liberalism by Liberals!

If Liberals had been true to their pre-war faith then the Catastrophe of Paris might never have been. If for the duration of the war the Liberal press had indulged in as much exposure of the reactionary forces in the country as the reactionary press indulged in over the peace by negotiation intrigue of progressive organizations here and abroad, this particular myth might never have arisen, or at least might have remained small. But the Liberal press has been far less concerned to take the Jingoism all around it seriously than the Conservative press has been to take Liberalism seriously. When one reads the "Times" or the "Morning Post" or the "Evening Standard" or any other Conservative paper one sees immediately that these papers realize the existence of other opinions than their own. The contrary opinion is generally referred to as "a menace," but this epithet has at least the merit of not denying the importance of the contrary opinion. But during the war THE NATION, and the "Daily News" particularly, sedulously cultivated in the minds of their readers the impression that opinion practically throughout the country was Liberal—that Liberal war-aims prevailed everywhere—and that the reactionary forces were quite unimportant and comparatively harmless. They almost invariably discounted the weight of opinion which was either actively against them or so inert politically as to be of little use to them in reaching an ideal settlement. With surely the greatest gesture of arrogance that history will ever have to record, those who worked for peace, who were horrified at the thought of war, who strove until the last moment to avert it and failed, upon the outbreak which announced their failure fell upon the intruding Evil and hysterically called it Good. The war, they declared, was not the war prophesied and welcomed by Conservatives; it was not a conflict of Imperialisms, and had nothing to do with Anglo-German rivalry or Entente diplomacy in the past; it was their own particular war, a war for right and justice, bringing with it the most glorious opportunity Liberals would ever have of setting the world to rights and establishing the reign of international justice once and for all.

They forgot to reckon with war's madness, with that state of mind which war inevitably brings wherein for the great majority of men all sense of justice is lost. They forgot the fact that war with its immense dislocation of the social, economic, political, and commercial habits of the community puts the community more at the mercy of vested interests than it is in peace time. They forgot the likelihood of diplomatic commitments



and obligations arising out of that great Alliance which they chose to misname Crusade. And so intoxicated was the Liberal press, including THE NATION, with its myth of what might be, and so numb was it to the facts that actually were, that it never occurred to it to question whether a war whose very outbreak registered the impotence of its pacific ideals could be transformed into an instrument of idealism, and whether the vague, newborn, and politically untried faith of the masses who afterwards fought and died could be counted upon to prevail against the long established and tried convictions of imperialistic diplomatists and statesmen. The simple faith of those who fought and died to build a better world was based on ignorance and credulity, and sprang from civilized man's natural preference for fighting and dying, since he had to fight and die, for something more inspiring than a Balance of Power. The press which guided the imaginations of "millions of common men"—"very many of them now dead, many crippled, many broken for life"—with a myth for which only its own distracted conscience was responsible, was the foremost betrayer of these millions, and should to-day be mourning that catastrophe as well as the "Catastrophe of Paris."—Yours, &c.,

IRENE COOPER WILLIS.

The Old Post House, Sevenoaks, Kent.

#### PRE-WAR PRACTICES BILL.

SIR,—The Restoration of Pre-War Practices Bill raises many points of interest and seems to be an example of a wholly new type of Act of Parliament. It is admitted on all sides that the Bill is being put on the Statute Book in order to be a dead letter, and that as soon as it is law negotiations will at once arise to prevent its literal carrying into effect. This in itself is a curious principle, but the manner of its passage through the House seems more curious still. The Bill, of course, is the effort of the Government to redeem the pledges given in the Treasury agreements, 1915, and since this is so the Government is in honor bound to satisfy the requirements of those to whom the pledge was given. The Bill, therefore, has been agreed upon between employers and the Trade Unions concerned outside the House of Commons, and has been brought to the House merely for ratification. It came up for its second reading on Monday, June 2nd, and it was intended to put it through all its stages the same day. When in the House the possibility of amendment was discussed, a new situation at once arose, and it became obvious that the Labor Party strongly objected to any attempt on the part of the House of Commons to alter, modify, or improve the Bill in any particular. Nevertheless, it was surely constitutionally right that the House of Commons should not be obliged to ratify private bargains unless it thought fit. There is no one in the House of Commons, or out of it, who seriously contemplates the breaking of the Government's pledges or destroying the Bill, but it is surely not impossible that outside the private Conferences in which the Bill was framed persons may exist who can suggest satisfactory improvements which fall within the letter and the spirit of the promises and not within the text of the Bill. To deny this possibility is to upset the whole principle of democratic government and to substitute in its place government by interests.

In industrial affairs the tendency to put aside the authority of Parliament and to substitute the authority of the Trade Unions seems to be rapidly increasing. It may be the path of future development, but there is much to be said against it, and it is not in any case as yet the constitutional method of legislating for this country.

The Restoration of Pre-War Practices Bill, therefore, seems to mark a turning point in constitutional history and deserves close attention from this point of view.—Yours, &c.,

RAY STRACHEY.

58, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

#### "THE WIPING OUT OF BERLIN."

SIR,—I cannot too warmly thank you for your article under this heading in to-day's issue. With the failure of the Paris Conference, the discovery of Lewisite, and the rapid advance in flying, the future becomes unthinkably horrible. The seeds of new wars are being sown even now, and Science is preparing to make those new wars so appalling and destructive as to threaten the very existence of the race

itself. For, no matter how terrible war may become, men will continue (as your writer so ably demonstrates) to take part in it under a cloak of "duty" or "patriotism" so long as they continue to "think Imperially" (i.e., to think unimaginatively) and to shift the responsibility for their action on to some one else—usually to some such abstraction as the "enemy" or the "Government." We have already started again to move round in the vicious circle that leads to war, and where are we to look for a possible break in that circle? I know the Conscientious Objectors well enough not to claim for them, as individuals, a higher character than belongs to other men; but it does nevertheless seem to me that their attitude offers the one real gleam of hope. Their attitude is at least one of imagination, of human sympathy, and, above all, of responsibility. The "C.O." says: "I am my brother's keeper; I am responsible for my own actions, and I refuse, come what may, to become part of any organized machine for the slaughter of men and women of like passions with myself." This stand has successfully been taken by a small body of men in many countries. Is it too much to hope that it may soon be taken by thousands and millions of men? If so, then it would seem to be impossible to hope that humanity may yet be saved from suicide.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT THOMAS.

Leicester. June 7th, 1919.

#### THE AUSTRIAN TREATY.

SIR,—In your article on the Austrian Treaty you say "The South Tyrol with its solid quarter of a million German population is handed over to Italy."

I should be glad to know where your statistician finds his solid quarter of a million Germans. It is a big crowd to discover in a sparsely populated Alpine country.

Does he, for example, include the Vintschgau? That the people along this valley speak German of a sort I agree. But it is such a hound's German as to be unintelligible. A German friend with whom I travelled through it found the language almost impossible. But whether the people can be classed as German speakers or not, they are certainly not of German stock. They are a short swarthy race, probably three parts aboriginal with a trace of German cross, and the rest of their blood Italian.

Again, consider Brixen, an obviously South European town. I admit in the business part of it one meets Germans, but the suburbs seemed to me Italian, and in the town itself one certainly hears a lot of Italian spoken.

I agree that Meran and its wonderful orchards are now German, but I wonder for how many decades has that German population been in South Tyrol; not as long, I think, as the Saxons in Siebenburgen whom we are sacrificing to Roumania without a qualm.

I dislike Imperialism of all sorts, and Italian Imperialism seems to me a particularly bad brand, but there is something in the argument that Italy should be allowed to go back to the watershed of the Alps in a case like this where the population is so racially uncertain.

On the other hand, it seems to me very foolish to hand over Marburg and Klagenfurt to the South Slavs. Having for my sins to say some weeks in Marburg, I found it the dullest and most thoroughly Teutonic town that I ever struck. Klagenfurt should be, if anything, even more so, and in this case the conformation of the Drave Valley, with its long chain of hills to the south and absence of cross roads, entirely detach this part of Karinthia from the bulk of the South Slav country, and make the river or the hills a splendid natural frontier.—Yours, &c.,

R. C. PHILLIMORE.

Kendals, Elstree, Herts. June 8th, 1919.

#### THE DOGS' PROTECTION BILL.

SIR,—Sir Edward Schafer is in error. I had no idea of "making his flesh creep." I am fully conscious of my inability to do that by any details of experimental tortures. My object was simply to show how much reliance was to be placed upon his statement that "dogs are already *absolutely protected from suffering* in any experiments which require (*sic*) to be done."

Sir Edward Schafer complains that I quoted from the "Journal of Physiology" of twenty years back. I do not see



the relevancy of the complaint. The law has not been altered since 1899, and what could be done then could be done now; nor does Sir Edward for a moment suggest that it ought not to be done. But I can supply him with plenty of "modern instances" if he so desires.

Sir Edward Schafer insinuates that I deliberately omitted a passage from the report which I quoted, in order to suggest that the dogs were, possibly, not properly anesthetized during the actual operations. That is a false charge, as any one who cares to read my letter will see at once. I said no word to suggest anything of the kind. On the contrary I took it for granted that the animals were duly anesthetized, and so stated. There was no question about that. The question was as to what happened after the operations, viz., whether dogs, subjected, in some cases, to two or three successive operations for the purpose of removing slices, and, ultimately, the whole of their kidneys, could be truly said to be "absolutely protected from suffering"!

Sir Edward accuses me of a calculated omission for not quoting what was done to anesthetize one of the dogs, which he says would have suffered "no pain whatever during, or as the immediate result of, the operation." But I did not allege suffering during any of the operations, nor as the immediate result in any case where the dog was under the anæsthetic for some time after the operation was concluded, as Sir Edward asserts this particular dog to have been. I was dealing with a series of experiments where, as I quoted, "the removal of a portion of one kidney was attempted on thirty-three dogs." In at least two cases "a wedge was excised from the left kidney, subsequently a wedge from the right kidney, and lastly in a third operation, the remains of the right kidney were removed." The dogs died at intervals varying from four to thirty-six days after the operation.

Always a denial of pain! Pain, sir? Nonsense. Nothing of the kind. Only a little discomfort perhaps! I think I have, on the whole, more respect for Dr. Klein, who had at least the courage to tell a Royal Commission that he had "no regard at all" for the sufferings of the animals, or for Dr. Pembrey, who frankly asserted that he had done painful experiments, and that they were "absolutely necessary."

But, says Sir Edward Schafer, even if these experiments had been painful, "they were necessary for the progress of medical knowledge and the alleviation of human suffering." This raises the whole question at issue. Is, then, the acquisition of knowledge the basis of ethics? Is anything justifiable in the quest for knowledge? Is it morally right to subject animals to painful experiments for all time in the hope of thereby increasing "medical knowledge," either for its own sake, or in the further hope of thereby mitigating some of the sufferings of mankind?

If so, is the pain which may thus be inflicted upon animals to be without limit, or is it to be subject to some limitation, and, if so, why, and where is the line to be drawn?

And if the hope of the advancement of knowledge, and the possible mitigation of human suffering, justifies the infliction of suffering upon animals, is it also legitimate to vivisect the animal called man, who would be so much more useful for this purpose? And if not, why not? And on what principle does man, the only morally cruel animal, arrogate to himself the right to inflict suffering on his humbler brethren of the Universal Kinship, in the hope of saving himself from suffering by inflicting it upon them?

I have never heard a satisfactory answer to these questions from the physiologist.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE GREENWOOD.

London, May 21st, 1919.

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

SIR,—I note two passages in THE NATION of May 31st, which tell of the wanton destruction of birds. "Caretaker" writes in his notes of the killing of nestlings, blackbirds, thrushes, hedgesparrows, and even robins by allotment holders, and Mr. H. J. Massingham tells of equally distressing experiences in Somersetshire. Now there is a law for the protection of birds, and the observer of these barbarities should have applied to the police, and taken out a summons. I am certain that the Society for the Protection of Birds would have backed him up. I have been staying in another

village in Somersetshire, where none of these atrocities went on because both the police and public opinion forbade them. The Order of the Board of Agriculture for the destruction of wild birds has, I understand, been withdrawn, so that the law is in force. At any rate let the public have the name of the village in Somersetshire where the birds were persecuted, and the place of the allotments, and the names of the allotment holders if possible. If the law is ineffective, the more light we can have thrown on these brutalities the better, for we must educate public opinion. Charges of cruelty in which neither place nor names are given are of no avail. One of the effects of war is to strengthen the tendency to cruelty among the young, and we must combat this. A sensible way of doing it would be to find healthy occupation and amusement in cricket and outdoor sports for boys on Sunday afternoons, when most of the bird nesting is done.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH F. SPENDER.

29, Wellington Square, Chelsea, S.W.3.

#### "REDUCE THE DEBT NOW."

SIR,—I was interested in your article on "Reduce the Debt Now" in last issue. Although I am not opposed in principle to a capital levy, I suggested in the "Daily News" and elsewhere that there is an alternative—to follow Mr. Goschen's example of 1888, consolidate the various war loans, and reduce the interest to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., and use the difference as a sinking fund. Mr. Masterman said this is repudiation, and in your article you say in discussing a levy on wealth, "were it confined to the holders of war loans it would, of course, violate the understanding upon which the money was lent to the Government, and would constitute repudiation." I submit that reducing the excessive interest on war loans is not repudiation.

It is perfectly true that the capital value would fall heavily to round about the same value as Consols, but the operation of a sinking fund of £175 millions per annum would speedily reduce the debt and the capital value would rapidly appreciate. The excessive rates of interest should never have been granted, but at the time when life was being freely conscripted, the monied interests insisted on each succeeding loan being issued at a higher rate of interest.

The great majority of the war loans are held by the war profiteers, and no substantial injustice would be done by reducing the rate of interest.

The question to be solved is which method would injure the delicate fabric of credit most, a levy on capital now, or the gradual extinction of the debt as I propose.—Yours, &c.,

T. SHRIMPTON.

Verney House, Torquay.

#### "RESCUE THE PERISHING."

SIR,—There are few among your readers who can remain unmoved by Miss Jebb's appeal for the children starving in Europe. But may I comment on certain words of hers which seem to bear a meaning I trust she would disclaim? Miss Jebb says we can only save the children "if we realize that to save them is more important than anything else, than boundaries, indemnities, or any political question." Surely, Sir, truly and lastingly to save the children needs something more than signing a cheque. Miss Jebb continues: "they [the workers] think it more important to relieve the famine than to listen to diatribes about the responsibility for it. This is an attitude which ought to be readily understood, especially by women, doctors, and ministers of religion." Is it cynical to reply: Yes, there are many ministers of religion and others who will give "charity" readily enough if only they need not think—if only they may regard the calamity they seek to relieve as an "act of God," and not of their own pride and thoughtlessness and greed.

Let us by all means give to the cause for which Miss Jebb pleads, the £100,000 or the £1,000,000 she desires, but let us not hold politics unclean. A cloistered virtue has too often been the handmaid of vice. It is not only by a gift of milk, but by every service of citizenship, by the gift of freedom and justice, that we can save not alone the children now perishing, but the nations. To save the life of a starving

child is a noble work, but to give it a world to grow up in, made beautiful by love, and to seek, to this end, the sanctification of politics, is not less noble.—Yours, &c.,

A. HELEN WARD.

Westminster, May 24th, 1919.

#### THE SULTAN AND THE KHILAFAT.

SIR,—In 1916, when a controversy was opened on the above subject in the British press, you kindly allowed me the hospitality of the columns of THE NATION. I beseech for that once more as at this critical juncture certain other journals have departed from the traditions of the British press and shut out their columns from Muslims themselves.

As to the academic aspect of the controversy I shall beg again all non-Muslims to leave it alone. The fact that the House of Osman has been acknowledged for centuries to possess the rightful Khilafat, and that even to-day there is no other rival claimant to Khilafat, should be sufficient to close the controversy for all practical and political purposes. The Musalmans themselves have no anxiety as to the spiritual position of the Khalifa or of their Faith. What they are extremely anxious about is the temporal power, prestige, and status of Ottoman Sultan, and the future of the Islamic system, of Islamic civilization and of Islamic culture. Islam is a constitution in itself, not only a religion.

And while Muslims believe that God Himself is the Guardian of the religious aspect of Islam, it is they who have to safeguard the Islamic Constitution, which demands a powerful independent Khalifa at the head of the Muslim nation as a whole, even if certain portions of that nation be under non-Muslim rulers.

Supposing for a minute that the Sultan of Turkey were not the Khalifa, even then the Muslim nation would have had the right to protest against what you most appropriately call in your issue of May 24th a "Degradation and Spoliation of Turkish Power . . . based solely on a policy of 'grab' and enacted by secret treaties." The mere threat of this degradation and spoliation and grab has driven the seventy millions of Muslims of India into such a state of frenzy that they have lost their interest even in those Indian political reforms which are taking a final shape now in the House of Commons, and which involve the future destiny of the whole Indian population. Islam is not national—it is universal, it is international. The Muslims of India are more concerned for the fate of the Ottoman Sultan, who is the custodian not only of the spiritual, but also of the temporal honor, power, and status of Islam among other religions, nations, and constitutions, than of their own, which under the stress of the greater calamity they have left in charge, as it were, of their Hindu brethren.—Yours, &c.,

SHAIKH M. H. KIDWAI OF GADIA.

The Mosque, Woking, Surrey.

#### THE ENGLISH CONVICT.

SIR,—At the risk of being discourteous I must point out that Dr. Morrison has completely failed to understand Dr. Goring's book. He did not give "additional statistical proofs." He did not work "on the lines laid down for him by previous workers." His book opens with a historical review such as Dr. Morrison asks for, and demolishes the suggestion that Lombroso's theories were dead when he began his investigation.

What would have been the use of setting him to investigate if the theories were dead? The point which Dr. Morrison ignores is that the only way in which the theories were killed was the very way in which they had first come to birth, viz., by impressions. What Dr. Goring did was to examine all (I think) of the "stigmata" of the Lombrosan school by *measurement* (where possible) and then to reduce these statistics by a *mathematical calculus*. This is the scientific method, and there is no hint in Dr. Morrison's letter to suggest that it appeals to him.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

#### THE LATE MR. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

SIR,—The late Mr. George W. E. Russell has by his will bequeathed his letters and papers to me; his intention was that I should write his *Memoir*. This I hope to do, and

I shall be grateful if you will allow me to ask, through your columns, those of your readers who have letters from Mr. Russell to allow me to see them; I will keep them most carefully and return them as soon as they are copied.—Yours, &c.,

S. L. OLLARD.

Bainton Rectory, Driffield.

#### "THE SEAGULL."

SIR,—I have read with interest, as I always do his criticism, Mr. Cannan's article on the performance of Chekhov's "Seagull" on Monday, June 2nd. Chekhov is a master indeed, but in defence of my production I should like to point out that even with the support of the greatest Russian actors his genius was not sufficient to prevent this play from being hissed from the Petrograd stage.

Perhaps this may be taken as showing that the production was a not wholly negligible factor in the reception given to the "Seagull" at the Haymarket Theatre.—Yours, &c.,

VERA DONNET.

June 11th, 1919.

### Poetry.

#### THREE TRANSLATIONS.

##### THE SONG OF AHES.

(After a sonnet of Anatole Le Braz.)

I AM Ahès the goddess of the sea,  
Whose fragrant hair outflung on windy skies,  
Falls like the breath of spring on land and sea.  
How fair the stars are mirrored in these eyes!  
How bright the sunbeams on these limbs of gold!  
'Tis here the lovely Hesper sinks to rest,  
And solitary men in trance behold  
The immortal gods asleep upon my breast.  
Peace to thy prayers, O Man; they will not heed.  
Come, thou shalt win thy heaven in a kiss,  
And learn the mystery of Love's own creed.  
'Tis I alone can drown the soul in bliss.  
Come, thou shalt find me singing on the deep  
The ancient lullabies of love and sleep.

##### THE GOOD THINGS OF THIS LIFE.

(From the French of Aristoppe Plantin, XVIth cent.)

GIVE me an house, convenient, clean and fair;  
An old-world garden with its fruitful walls;  
Orchards and spreading vines; a few tried thralls;  
A faithful wife unspent with children's care.  
No debts, no quarrels, lust or lawyer's snare;  
No irksome sharing of ancestral halls;  
Desiring little, deaf to ambitious calls,  
Or aught beside that simple folk forswear.

Grant me to live in low estate at ease,  
In true devotion telling out my days;  
Give me a soul at peace from passionate ways,  
A fearless mind unmoved by man or fate.  
So, praising God I'll graft and prune my trees  
Till death comes softly to my garden gate.

##### THE LABOURER.

(From the French of José-Maria de Heredia.)

HERE stand the gleaming shares, the yoke, the drill,  
The goad, the harrow, and the scythe's keen blade,  
That in one day the threshing floor can fill;  
And here the fork for peasant labor made.  
These toil-worn tools that he can wield no more  
Old Parmis vows to Rhea the divine,  
By whom the sacred earth unfolds her store;  
And now he craves to rest in life's decline.

Four score long years a slave beneath the sun,  
He drave the coulter through a barren land,  
Nor grieves to end a life so dolorous.  
Yet he laments a fate so harshly spun  
And dreads to hear in death the stern command  
To till the desolate fields of Erebus.

REGINALD L. HINE.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Spirit of Russia." Studies in History, Literature, and Philosophy. By T. G. Masaryk. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Two Vols. (Allen & Unwin. 16s.)
- "Murray Marks and His Friends." By Dr. G. C. Williamson. (Lane. 12s. 6d.)
- "The Years of the Shadow." By Katherine Tynan. (Constable. 15s.)
- "Mary Olivier." A Novel. By May Sinclair. (Cassell. 7s.)

\* \* \*

A FRIEND was telling me the other day that he found the "Voyage to Laputa" too tame and spiritless. Compared with things as they most substantially are, he said, it was as a domestic fowl is to the wild grey goose. Our proportions and values are all wrong. It is the present world which is a satire on Laputa, not the other way about. Yes, said I, that is why there is no literary satire worth the name to-day; one cannot satirize a satire on a satire. Not only satire, but all literature, all arts are doomed, chimed in a third. Did you see that a statue of Aphrodite had been found in a fish-hawker's shop in Hungary? It was not quite clear to this third party whether it was a good thing for literature and the arts to be doomed or for Aphrodite to be found in such quarters—Aphrodite who bathed three times a day in the crystal waters of Cythera.

\* \* \*

THE reason why Aphrodite's irregular slumming expedition was offensive to our righteousness or our cleanliness was not, as might be supposed, because her relations with Ares established for us a prior claim upon her. It was because the Hungarians were Socialists, and therefore the natural foes and violators of the arts, of literature and of beauty. From them, therefore, it is very natural to turn to the friends and preservers of the arts, of literature and of beauty—namely, to ourselves, who hate Socialists because we love beauty. So we pay our visits to the Royal Academy and the "Times" Book Club; to the statues in our public parks and the buildings in our public places; to the style of our Daily Press, politicians and prominent *littérateurs*; to reviews and the reviewed; to the people in the streets and the houses they live in; to the nature of their work and their well-being and to the government of their country, for all these things are part of one another and of the art of literature and of beauty. It is needless to call attention to our possible verdict, nor the equally possible reply to our conductors that we should go to—Hungary, where, it seems, artists, schoolmasters and men of letters are of such importance to the community that it might not be the worst place to go.

\* \* \*

IN default of that, and on further examination beneath the surface, it will appear to us that the writers or thinkers of any kind who have the smallest spiritual or literary value, so far from identifying themselves with things as they most substantially are, are in positive revolt against them. The reason is simple. If they were not, they might write, but they would neither think nor feel. "The teaching of Christ," wrote Ingersoll in a passage of delightful ingenuousness, "is no longer practicable, because it does not suit our industrial times." "It is not possible," wrote Morris, "to dissociate art from morality, politics and religion," and again:—

"Sir, I believe that art has such sympathy with cheerful freedom, open-heartedness and reality, so much she sickens under selfishness and luxury, that she will not live thus is stated and conclusive. I will go further than this, and say that I do not wish her to live."

Let us be honest with ourselves and candid to others, and exclaim that if literature cannot sever herself from "the body of this death," then we do not wish her to live.

\* \* \*

IT rather looks as if this implied a new definition of literature, one which, being new, would thereby be as old as the Pentateuch. That is a curious reflection upon our craving for novelty in modern art, which does not seek what is right and true but what is different from the everyday commonplace. The result is that most of this art looks as if it had been created, or rather manufactured, under the influence of cocaine. If, however, something is discovered which is really new, it turns out to be a reinterpretation, a translation into modern speech, of the old. It is right that it should be so, for it is not its critics but the system itself which is the destroyer of tradition. The separation between life and literature, between the arts and the common, work-a-day feelings and actions of the people was accomplished by that Industrial Revolution of which we are this day enjoying the Dead Sea fruit—that and that alone. This separation makes the common life an ugly and stupid drudgery and literature a grotesque unreality. Our ancestors, whatever their faults, could not so much as conceive this separation; it would have appeared to them, as it is, a monstrosity. It needed the modernist to come along and say that what we (or rather he) wanted was not good work, good literature, good art (all one and the same thing), but a good thing out of it. He got his good thing, but he destroyed the truth and the meaning of life in the process. But he lost them too, for his good thing has turned out to be an infernal machine, the fuse of which has just burned away. Therefore when we go seek our new principles and our new definitions of literature, as we needs must, we shall find that we need not be ashamed of it, because, more sensible and less hag-ridden than we are, they took it for granted.

\* \* \*

I NEED not go far for this definition. I found it in a casual remark of a casual article, and indeed it has nothing cataleptic about it. "In relation to conventional views of life and nature, it (art) is the substitution of the plain truth for sophisticated truisms." It is true; we feel in our bones that it is true. But this is to destroy, dethrone literature as a specialized function, for any man can tell the plain truth, provided (of course) that he is not an official. Alas! very few men can, for it is the hardest thing in the world. It is the hardest, because the sophisticated truism has become the bread of our body and our soul: our Government enforces it, our work encloses us in it, our education teaches it, with but few exceptions our literature and art follow it.

\* \* \*

YET this does not necessarily bind literature to revolutionary thought. The business of literature is to tell the plain truth about life, as a cowslip, by its perfume, growth, color and form, tells the plain truth in the best and fittest way, about itself, about the nature of flowers, and even about the universe. For true literature does not only tell the truth, it tells it in the best and fittest way. And it can only tell it that way, if it has a fiery passion for the truth that will not be denied, a passion which regards all other considerations as of no account. That truth, on its side, takes no account of parties, position, personality or profit, and the only and supreme reward of the artist is to serve it.

H. J. M.

## Reviews.

## RIGHT JUDGMENT.

"Old and New Masters." By ROBERT LYND. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

ONE who has travelled much may often question whether it is better to read about a distant country before visiting it or after returning home. Both are good, as a notorious uncle said to the enthusiastic girl who asked him whether it was really better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. But if there is only a choice, we cannot doubt that it is better to study a country after one has seen it. Ignorance is deplorable; combined with dulness it is blind; but if it can see at all, its eyes are fresh, uncolored, and alive. No literary or historic association weighs it down. No second-hand opinions distort its vision. In the Alps or Venice it is not distracted by tags of Ruskin. On the Acropolis no "origens" perplex it. In Rome—but who can see Rome as it is? You might as well try to read the Bible as a new book. To nearly all Englishmen that is impossible—unfortunately impossible.

But to study the history, scenery and inhabitants of a country already visited is a keen delight and an increase of knowledge. To be sure it is humiliating. Even a guide-book can prove how much one has missed. A great writer can reveal a beauty unobserved, associations unknown, tragedies lurking silent there. Ignorance had passed them all unobserved. Even if the account had been read before the journey, much would have been forgotten. But now with what vividness the scenes re-appear! With what accurate imagination one can restore the events there enacted! A traveller in a deadly and little known part of Africa once guided his course for many days by a solitary and lofty mountain peak, at the foot of which he found a vast and rocky mound grown over with giant trees, obviously the site of some deserted kraal or chieftain's home. Long afterwards he discovered that Livingstone had passed that way upon his first great journey, and had found a king holding court upon that rocky mound and executing there his prisoners of war. With what interest the traveller could now picture that great-hearted explorer guiding himself also by the pointed mountain, and coming suddenly upon that perilous and bloody scene!

It is the same with the exploration of literature. Possibly it may be well to read a good critic before reading a great writer; but usually it is not. It produces the state of mind common among candidates for examination, or among the audiences at University Extension lectures, where the lecturer's opinions are carefully repeated to him in the weekly papers till he wishes all the students had one neck that he might wring it with a single twist. But to read or hear a good critic upon a writer already studied and familiar—that is a delight; that is illumination! Humiliating, of course. One realizes then how much one has missed; what beauty passed unperceived; what hidden associations were lost through ignorance. But knowledge of the author grows sharp and personal and lasting. If the critic's opinion agrees with one's own, a proud satisfaction comes in. If one has strength to stand against the critic's judgment, so much the greater pride!

Mr. Robert Lynd's book is a series of short studies upon various writers, and it starts with the enormous advantage that the writers, almost without exception, are familiar to everyone who cares about literature at all. In England, where more good literature as well as more bad is read than in other countries, that makes a wide appeal. All the writers may not count permanently in the highest rank, but to contemporaries all are well known, just as the Sergeant-Major is better known to the battalion than the General who will be mentioned in history. Jane Austen, Wordsworth, Keats, Browning, Villon, Pope, Rossetti, Masfield, Swinburne, Thomas Hardy, Tourgenieff (whom the author writes as "Turgenev," following Mrs. Garnett, our great translator, but misleading the ordinary reader)—how familiar are the names and well-worn the themes! It is because the names are so familiar that we like to hear what a new critic has to say about them. "It is hard," said one of the earliest Roman critics, "hard to give a personal touch to subjects open to all." Hard, certainly, but a good critic will always

reveal something that has escaped our notice. Criticism even of Homer advances, or varies, with the age. No critic would write the same kind of criticism upon Milton as Johnson wrote, however high one may place Johnson. It is so also in the scholar's own life. To the scholar of sixty even Shelley, however passionately admired still, is not quite the same as he was to the same man at twenty, when life was Shelley without end. Every ten years at least in a man's life the great masters ought to be re-read, so that new judgment may be formed, new greatness discovered. That life is not adequate for this progressive appreciation is among the causes of a scholar's melancholy.

We should say that Mr. Lynd's "personal touch" is right judgment. That may sound but faint praise, yet what could be higher? We have exuberating critics like Swinburne, who souse their victims with bucketsful of praise or vituperation. We have precious critics like Pater, who work daintily as the scribes of mediæval missals. And "damnyou ram-you" critics like Macaulay and Jeffrey. We have smart critics who will sell their judgment for a mess of epigram, and others whose first thought and their last is to display themselves. But the distinction of the great critics—Mark Pattison, Leslie Stephen, Edward Fitzgerald, Matthew Arnold—has been simply that "right judgment" which springs from knowledge, sanity, and that inborn sense of beauty which may be cultivated but never acquired. There must be width of sympathy too. The critic must be alert for beauty as the hunter for game; and not for one kind of beauty either—not only for the classic unicorn or the Russian wolf.

Above all, the critic's judgment must be, in Kant's phrase, "ohne Interesse." There must be no thought of political, social, or religious prejudice and propaganda ambushed behind it. Right judgment will neither applaud nor condemn Heine as a Jew, or Goethe as a German, or Newman as a Catholic, or Kingsley as a muscular Christian. With godlike indifference it eschews such tests. Of Mr. Kipling it would say, "No matter where his bunkum goes if it does not get into the verse." When M. Diaghileff tells us that Brahms is a putrifying corpse and Beethoven a mummy imposed upon us by German propaganda, right reason smiles. When a learned society passes a resolution never to acquire a German book or elect a German member again as long as it lives, right reason continues to smile. Even in Mr. Lynd's essays it smiles once or twice to see criticism just touched by a deep-seated memory of Ulster's creed—some faint tang of the Presbyterian Sabbath.

But Mr. Lynd is a critic after right judgment's own heart, never fantastic, never straining for epigram, nor exaggerated, nor advertizing himself. Let us take a few typical sentences, and if they seem epigrammatic, that is because they gleam here and there in the original text, as a jewel may gleam on a woman who is not dressed in jewels. Of Wordsworth he writes:—

"There is no reason why we should trouble our heads over the question whether at the age of seventy-six Wordsworth was a Tory or not. It is only by the grace of God that any man escapes being a Tory long before that."

Of Henry James:—

"He is as watchful as a cat. Half his pleasure seems to come from waiting for the extraordinary to peer and peep out of the ordinary. That is his adventure. He prefers it to seas of bloodshed."

Writing of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc, he says:—

"Chesterton is merely English for Castor, and Belloc is Pollux transmuted into French. Certainly, if the philologist had also been an evangelical Protestant, he would have felt a double confidence in identifying the two authors with Castor and Pollux as the

Great Twin Brethren

Who fought so well for Rome."

Or let us take a few shorter sentences: Dostoevsky is "a novelist of torture"; there is in him "a suggestion of Caliban trying to discover some better god than Setebos"; Jane Austen is "a naturalist among tame animals." Of Browning he writes: "there never was another poet in whom there was so much of the obsession of love and so little of the obsession of sex"; of Strindberg, "the mirror that he held up to Nature was a cracked one"; "he was the kind of man who, if something went wrong with the kitchen boiler, felt that the devil and all his angels had been loosed upon him, as upon the righteous Job, with at least



the connivance of Heaven"; Masfield "swears, not like a trooper, but like a virtuous man"; Swinburne "was a poet without the poet's gift of sight"; "his poems are essentially poems of ecstasy"; Kettle was "the Hamlet of modern Ireland"; to which is added Kettle's own fine criticism of Hamlet's hesitation, beginning, "The commercial blandness with which people talk of Hamlet's 'plain duty' makes one wonder if they recognize such a thing as plain morality."

Those are merely specimen lines of the right judgment that guides us in a book like this. On the more creative side of criticism, we would select the noble passage on Browning's "Childe Roland." The poet, we believe, as was his way, denied that he had any particular hidden meaning or allegory in mind. But see with what imaginative insight Mr. Lynd finds in it "a fable of life triumphant in a world tombstoned with every abominable and hostile thing:—

"There, if anywhere in literature," he says at his conclusion, "is the summit of tragic and triumphant music. There, it seems to me, is as profound and imaginative expression of the heroic spirit as is to be found in the English language."

Right judgment—it is the flower of fine temperament and lifelong care. It is the appreciation of all great arts. It is the capacity of estimating evidence in life and international politics, as in the law courts. We may agree with Matthew Arnold's protest in his famous essay on the "Function of Criticism":—

"It is because criticism has so little kept in the pure intellectual sphere, has so little detached itself from practice, has been so directly polemical and controversial, that it has so ill accomplished, in this country, its best spiritual work; which is to keep man from a self-satisfaction which is retarding and vulgarizing, to lead him towards perfection, by making his mind dwell upon what is excellent in itself, and the absolute beauty and fitness of things."

We may agree with all that, and yet believe that the cultivation of a right judgment in the region of absolute beauty and pure intellect may have a reflex action in guiding judgment in the more ordinary affairs of life. Whoever compiled the Anglican Prayer Book appears to have recognized this, for he bids us pray "to have a right judgment in all things." And that is a prayer one would like to hear repeated hourly in both Houses of Parliament, both Houses of Convocation, every Church, every chapel, and at every street corner in times when all of us seem to be so incapable of judging evidence, so easily bamboozled by every passing outcry, every passion or distraction; so easily infected by every poison plant of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness that springs from the torrid ooze of public opinion's forcing-houses.

#### RECORDS FROM RUSSIA.

✓ "Six Weeks in Russia in 1919." By ARTHUR RANSOME. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

✓ "Bolshevism: Mr. Keeling's Five Years in Russia." (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)

It must be much more than a year since direct news came out of Russia. It is more isolated than Germany at the height of the blockade and the full tide of the war, for privileged people, at least, could always get the German newspapers. No Russian newspapers arrive. Our only sources of news or impressions are the rare travellers who manage to go and return. Mr. Arthur Ransome's narrative of a rapid journey to Moscow and back is doubly valuable. Firstly, it gives a vivid and recent picture of the heart of Soviet Russia as it was no more than two months ago. Secondly, since it is the work of a man who knew Bolshevik Russia as few foreigners did in its early phases, it measures for us the changes which have come about during the last year. We have often been grateful to Mr. Ransome for letters and telegrams which satisfied our curiosity about the most interesting movement of our generation. This book increases our debt. Mr. Ransome's method is direct. Of his own observations and comments he gives us comparatively little: we should have welcomed more. On the other hand, he records very fully the conversations which he had, when he went in search of information, with the administrative heads of the Soviet Government.

The impression which results from a careful reading of this valuable material will not surprise a reader who thinks. Little as we are allowed to know about Russia, we know

one rather important fact. Lenin's Government has survived now for a year and seven months. The Lvov and Kerensky régime lived only for seven months. It had war only on one front and it had Allied aid. Lenin has had to fight against a whole circle of enemies with the whole Entente behind them. He had to improvise his army. On the whole, even if Petrograd should fall, the balance of military success is in his favor. In these days military achievement is so directly dependent on good administration and economic efficiency in the rear, that one might have inferred from this fact alone, that the initial period, which had its anarchic extravagances, is long since over.

The chief difficulty to-day is still transport—a difficulty which began to trouble Russia very gravely even before Tsarism fell. There was no coal for the locomotives because the Donetz basin was until lately in counter-revolutionary hands. The locomotives themselves, from lack of material and skilled labor, cannot be repaired—a phenomenon which one may observe even in Germany. With river navigation the case is no better, since it depends on oil which our occupation of the Caucasus holds up. It seems, however, that in so far as they can still run trains, the Bolsheviks keep the old standards of speed and efficiency—which is more than one can say of any railway in Central Europe to-day. They have even laid new lines and deepened canals. What they might have done if they had had peace one can dimly guess, for it is obvious that the needs of these incessant and multitudinous wars have absorbed most of the energies of their administration.

One knows how mere underfeeding can sap the will of a people, when no constructive idea sustains it. Germany in her present phase is in that case. This record of Mr. Ransome's suggests that in spite of infinitely worse material conditions than Berlin or even Vienna ever endured, Moscow under the stimulus of a militant revolution has evolved an energy and a resource which seem wholly un-Russian. Mr. Ransome describes his visit to a play of Chekov's—one of the despairing pre-revolutionary plays which depicted the sick will of a fettered society. To him it seemed to describe a vanished age. His records of Russian adaptability under the blockade were to us the most surprising things in his book. The ingenuity of the Germans in devising substitutes did not surprise us, but even their resource grew weary. Who expected Russians after all these years of war and civil war to develop this constructive energy? Yet it seems, when coal failed them, they took to adapting water-power to obtain electricity (a device one fears, ill-suited to their climate, for it must fail them in winter). At Moscow they are using peat. More remarkable are their schemes, since cotton is cut off, to devise a process by which flax can be used on machines intended for cotton. All this means that the experts, and the technical employers who at first boycotted the second revolution, have returned to work. Mr. Ransome tells us that some of them, who care nothing for politics, are now working for the Soviets with enthusiasm, because they find that enterprise and ideas are better rewarded and more appreciated than they ever were in the past. It sounds like the early days of revolutionary France. In Hungary this happy relation of the intellectuals with the revolution existed from the beginning. It is evidently what Lenin himself desires.

Mr. Ransome's record is full of interesting and novel material. We hope that all the advocates of military intervention will read his interview with the "Right" Social Revolutionary leader, Volsky. Of his personality we know nothing. What is of consequence is that he was in Siberia the President of the Conference of Members of the Constituent Assembly, which originally gave Admiral Kolchak his status. Volsky and his colleagues were actually leaders in the civil war: they were in relation with the Allies; they used the Tchecho-Slovaks, and they it was who first called Kolchak to power, by naming him "Commander of the Forces of the Constituent Assembly." It was against them that Kolchak made his *coup d'état*, and some of them were shot by his officers. They seem to have believed the current propaganda stories that German troops were marching against the Tchecho-Slovak front, but now they "know that there were no German troops in Russia at all." To-day, these Right Wing moderates have rallied openly to the Bolsheviks, not because they agree with them, but because they prefer any Socialist régime to "a bourgeois dictatorship." Volsky's

conclusion is, we imagine, that of most if not all the moderate Socialists in Russia,

"Intervention of any kind will prolong the régime of the Bolsheviks by compelling us to drop opposition to the Soviet Government, although we do not like it, and to support it because it is defending the revolution."

That testimony from a man who was actually a leader in the civil war against the Bolsheviks has its unique value. He ended with a dismal prediction: "If by any chance Koltchak, Denikin and Co. were to win, they would have to kill in tens of thousands, where the Bolsheviks have had to kill in hundreds, and the result would be the complete ruin and the collapse of Russia in anarchy."

The conclusion to which Mr. Ransome's book leads is, we think, that if Koltchak and his friends can win, it will be solely a mechanical effect resulting from the boundless expenditure of Allied money and munitions. It will answer the wishes of no Russian party, except, of course, the avowed monarchists. It might last for a short while, but only until Russia had recovered from the effects of the massacre of Socialists of all shades which Koltchak will have to carry out if he is to make himself secure. On the other hand, it is plain from the whole trend of this narrative, and most of all from the terms which Lenin has repeatedly offered to the Allies, that the Soviet régime can survive only by compromises which will destroy its revolutionary character. It must acknowledge foreign debts. It can pay them only by alienating the natural resources of Russia to foreign concession holders. It must tolerate and even invite the entry of foreign capitalists. While it compromises in this way to buy the permission of foreign capital to live, it must also compromise with the Russian peasant to maintain itself at home. His instinct for property in land has survived these years of revolution, and while the Bolsheviks seem to have succeeded in the end in organizing many of their socialized factories, they have had to tolerate in the country a system which differs only in certain legal fictions from peasant-ownership. Hungary (if it survives) may do better with its great socialized estates, for the reason that agriculture there was immensely more advanced than it ever was in Russia. In short, Lenin, who began with a sweeping and uncompromising revolution, must end, if he survives, with compromises which will bring him back to the half-way house of evolutionary Socialism. The moral doubtless is that if a revolution is to succeed it must be world-wide. The practical conclusion is that if the Allies can bring themselves to tolerate a moderate system of semi-Socialism, they can have it to-day by making peace with Lenin.

Mr. Keeling, from whose notes this rather unconventional anti-Bolshevik book has been compiled, is an English mechanic and photographer who has lived and worked in Russia since 1914. His want of training makes him a poor political observer, and his memory is often at fault—as, for example, when he tells us that food was plentiful and cheap in Petrograd on the eve of the first revolution. The shortage began to be serious in 1916. His personal narrative would be valuable, if one could sift it from the commonplaces of propaganda. Mr. Keeling tells us, for example (page 92), that he saw that well-known incident when the crowd lynched a man because an old lady in a tram had lost her purse, which she found as soon as the supposed thief was safely dead. It was a very remarkable crowd which saw that incident—correspondents, English, French, and American, Russian aristocrats now in exile, and, of course, Mr. Keeling himself. We have read the story ourselves three or four times. In its original form it is to be found in an accessible Russian classic—as a moral tale. When we have our revolution, will the ingenuous foreign observer go to Dickens for the incidents, and report what he saw at Eatanswill? It is lucky that Mr. Keeling happened to see this episode. If he had seen a little less, we might have supposed that he had seen more.

#### CANDID PEEL.

"A Year in Public Life." By Mrs. G. S. PEEL. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. PEEL's book will come as a reminder of what to many was the blackest chapter in the history of the war. Death, mutilation, disease, the ruin of the hopes of youth through-

out the civilized world, these things can be endured as a matter of course by a heroic people bred to the ideal of military glory. But the lack of butter shook the breakfast-table to its foundations, meatless days converted fat men to pacifism, while the lap-dog ladies, reduced by their taxed and attenuated afternoon teas, earnestly considered the problem of the need for a better England. Over such memories few of us would care to linger now; and it is fortunate for the general peace of mind and stomach that Mrs. Peel has other subjects to discourse upon than the life-history of cereals and the nutritive value of potato skins. "A Year in Public Life" purports to be a record of the experience of one of the Co-Directors of Women's Service in the Ministry of Food; but its author, scorning the pedantic convention of relevance, offers her readers a liberal diet appropriately seasoned to every taste. More than music to us are descriptions of the Smart Set? Page 96 will tell us that "Lady Londonderry is very slight and youthful-looking, full of vitality and 'go.' I remember how nice she looked in a very simple pale mauve frock with the dangling earrings she often affects and her beautiful pearls." Or is our curiosity merely antiquarian?

"In 973, Edgar, the first king of all England, was crowned in Bath Abbey in great state, and at the Norman Conquest the city was held by Edith, Edward the Confessor's queen. In 1574, Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to the city. Her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, stayed there for his health, and it is supposed that Shakespeare, with a company of players, was a visitor at about the same time."

Students of manners may note the following:—

"From Miss Meriel Talbot my mind wanders on to land girls. Although I am not yet an old woman, I remember the day when village people in Hertfordshire threw stones at ladies who rode bicycles. . . . Now one sees land girls in their breeches and smocks walking about Piccadilly, &c."

Whilst the psycho-analyst, ever on the track of an undiscovered complex, may find a buried treasure here:—

"In 1592, when the Plague raged in London, the Courts of Law were temporarily removed from Hereford, and why, I don't quite know, but that fact interests me very much."

Of her early experiences in the Ministry of Food, Mrs. Peel speaks, if not always to the point, invariably with animation and good temper. It was her task to address meetings in the days before rationing became compulsory, recommending war-cookery and exhorting the public to economy. The meetings were usually successful, for her audience were genuinely anxious to squeeze the last proteid from the parsnip, and Mrs. Peel steeped herself in such congenial subjects as the natural history of the sugar cane, the Brazilian treatment of tapioca, and the 1,400 different Indian varieties of rice. The most valuable part of her researches, however, are the comparisons between the budget of the agricultural worker with that of the well-to-do householder, and of the pre-war prices with those of the present day. It will be no great surprise to any housekeeper to learn that while "to live as fairly careful persons lived in the early days of 1914 cost, roughly, 10s. 6d. and 12s. 6d. a head for food and cleaning materials, to live in exactly the same manner to-day would cost 25s."

The valuable experiment of National Kitchens, started in 1917, did not achieve success without considerable opposition. The favorite argument of the wealthy, that public cooking would reduce the poor woman to a condition of degrading idleness, and that not to cook food where it is to be eaten would entail "a serious menace to the sacredness of home life," caused the proposal to establish kitchens to be unanimously rejected in many country districts by the prosperous local magnates in control of affairs. In London their usefulness both to the poor and to the servantless rich was enormous; but since the managers of restaurants have discovered that the greater economy of public kitchens interferes with their profits, in the poorer quarters where they are most needed they are to be swept away.

Mrs. Peel holds original views about the public characters whom she encountered during her administrative career. A great admirer of Lord Devonport's, she was struck by his energy and decision, and by the "extraordinarily clear way in which he put a very complicated subject before me." The reason why those who worked under him were not so favorably impressed is explained by Mrs. Peel by the fact that "not only the Minister but also some other business men whom he gathered round him found it difficult to suit



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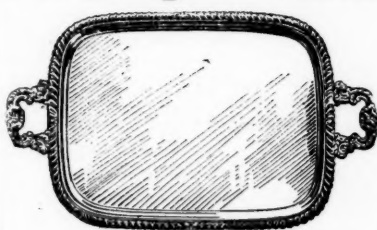
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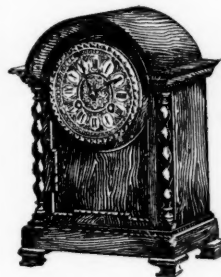
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their pace to that of the official machine . . . and did not take kindly to working under the control of highly-placed Civil Servants." Her tribute to Lord Northcliffe, "whose methods with those who work under him," she says, "are after my own heart," is even more remarkable; but her story of Mr. Clynes, who as a mill-boy bought a second-hand dictionary and spent his spare time memorizing and writing out unfamiliar words, and got the sack for studying English grammar, betrays an admiration, if less singular, at least as sincere.

"A Year of Public Life" includes many quotations from the eminent and the fashionable, but it is to an anonymous typist that the laurels must go for the only joke discovered in this record:—

"The invitations to attend these conferences were officially termed 'Conferences of Mistresses of Well-to-do Households,' and it was only owing to the care for every detail of our work shown by our secretary, Miss Bellis, that by a typist's error, these did not go out addressed to the 'Mistresses of Well-to-do Householders.'"

#### OLD AND NEW HANDS.

+✓ **"Heritage."** By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. (Collins. 6s. net.)  
**"Pink Roses."** By GILBERT CANNAN. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)  
**"Democracy."** By SHAW DESMOND. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 6s. net.)

WE wish all first novels were like Miss Sackville-West's, for we should have fewer qualms about the future of the novel. Such purity of English, firm sense of composition, and taut narrative combined with genuine feeling and acuteness not so much in observing as seeing character, might surprise us for a young writer, in, so to speak, her noveliolate. They ought to do nothing of the kind. For the author starts with a clear field and no favor. The first novel has to cope with none of the embarrassments and restrictions imposed upon "experience." It does not have to imitate and repeat itself in a *genre* or a fashion on which it has been unlucky to stumble. It is neither spoiled by success nor soured by disappointment. It is not in the least concerned with the spurious laws of supply and demand, nor with polite prevarications as to what the public wants. It is more than probable that the first novel is written for the love of the thing, and because the author has something to say, and is anxious to say it only in the best way he or she can achieve. This need not be an arbitrary rule for all first novelists, but it is sound enough in the present condition of the arts, inevitably degraded by the bad principles, bad ethics, and corrupt society which encompass them, and ever liable as the environment increases its grip, to absorb them.

But Miss Sackville-West starts free, and has made the utmost both of that and her excellent material. "Heritage" is not, perhaps, the best name for the book, for the country girl Ruth Pennistan's Spanish blood and its effect in dualizing her character are really as much the product of complex human nature as of heredity. The Spanish blood-strain seems a little to compromise the universal element in the book, for are we not all dual, and triple, and quadruple personalities? And is it not natural to exclaim to the precept "be true to yourself"—"Which self"? One does not really need the ancestral explanation to interpret and determine Ruth's relations with the wild animal Rawdon Westmacott, and the refined, shadowy, analytic philosopher of life, Malory. We do not resent the Spanish business, but it seems to tug our sleeves away from contemplating the author's design, with all its color, variety, and truth of line. Whether Miss Sackville-West has taken a leaf out of Mr. Conrad in her method of narrative we do not know, but her device of making Malory tell the story and at the same time to reflect upon him by the mouth of the receiver of his confidences, is remarkably effective. "Heritage" has, indeed, two highly important virtues—it has got its values true, and in spite of a difficult and ambitious scale of enterprize, never makes the mistake of mixing its planes. To these we must add a vivid and perspicuous style, never allowed to meander into the merely picturesque. Speaking of a solitary's memories and imaginations, she says—"one browses off them, like a camel

off his hump," and the book is served throughout with images, phrases, and analogies of equally striking point and sagacity.

Mr. Cannan is a very experienced writer, and he writes a great number of books. Yet he does not learn wisdom, economy, restraint, or mastery of his instrument. He still pours it out, still appears quite unconscious that he has anything to learn in the art of writing. His books, one after another, remind us of coming up from the country to dine at the Café Royal (in "Pink Roses" it is the Café Claribel). One is dazzled and excited by all the headiness of the experience—laughing women, bustling waiters, exits and entrances, scraps of "intellectual" conversation, rattle of glasses, the queerest mixture of the exotic and the bourgeois. Then one returns home and forgets about it the next morning, except, perhaps, for a slight headache. Of course, to give this impression is an accomplishment, but one cannot escape the notion that there is something which Mr. Cannan misses, which he has missed in all his books. What he lacks, for all his clever criticisms and disjointed satire and anatomies of society, is a philosophy of life. Until he can find one, we feel that his hero, Trevor Mathew, might just as well have married his lady of pleasure as Ruth Hobday, that he might just as well be a projection of Mr. Cannan as an objective and critically regarded character in a book, that Mr. Cannan's books will not last much longer than the time he takes to write them, and, lastly, that Mr. Cannan himself will never grow up.

Mr. Desmond's "Democracy" is hardly a novel at all, except in form. It is an attempt to give a lightning impression of labor politics and tendencies, and is indeed, so interminably full of speeches and public meetings that we seem to have left the country, dined at the Café Royal, only to fall asleep on a platform. Meanwhile, the author or chairman points out the notabilities. There is a gentleman whose "hazel eyes greened as they narrowed—his rather sensuous mouth hung loosely open, the slaver of invisible froth running from it." There is Courcy—"deadly, sweet-mouthed, vitriolic Courcy, Courcy—leader of the Opposition in the House, Courcy, the gentle-mannered Prince of Politics, whose phrases crept like snakes through the Chancelleries of Europe, Courcy—philosophic and mystic, Courcy—hated, loved Courcy." Courcy, indeed, is a regular snake-charmer, for not only is "his name hissed from lip to lip," but his speeches have "something of the hiss of the rapier underneath"—which does not appear to conflict with "an undercurrent of acid disdain which held the ear enthralled." One can imagine that, however ardently one sides with the author, his hissing periods, carried on through three hundred pages are apt to make one feel rather languid, mesmerised by the serpent's basilisk eyes. Still, for all its *false*to, "Democracy" has a kind of rough, misdirected power, and it contains a portrait of what might be our Winston to the life. This hero, as he stands romantically on a balcony, with Napoleonic folded arms, pursed lips, and Lyceum frown, one leg negligently advanced, directing grandiose military manoeuvres (which consist in a cordon of soldiers shooting into a crowd of strikers, women and children) Dreaming of Power and Realizing his Destiny—this hero must be exactly what our Secretary of War conceives of himself in rapt and visionary moments.

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bears the favorable ratio that is often assumed to the added cost of the maintenance plus that of additional fattening food." From this arose the suggestion that a special Commission should inquire whether it were better, physically, morally, and economically, for beasts to be slain out of hand without any fattening process being attempted. Volumes of correspondence on this suggestion passed between the Director of the Cattle Axe Production Department and other directors. Here and there among these weighty letters we meet a plaintive note from the simple-minded Rowbottom, who seemed to have no doubt that fat cattle were better than thin, from the point of view of economic value, asking: "What about that cake?" His beasts sickened and died, thus disposing of the whole case to the satisfaction of the Ministry, now free to discuss the greater question of the terms of reference to the Royal Commission. The case of Jonas Rowbottom is the best satire on the ways of Ministries we have seen.

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**"Democratic Ideals and Reality: A Study in the Politics of Reconstruction."** By H. J. MACKINDER, M.P. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

MR. MACKINDER recently fought an election in Scotland against a Liberal and a Socialist, and he found among the latter's supporters young men "with a burning faith in their eyes, though often without the full power of expressing their argument." To those young men can be commended the study of the art of lucid expression as exemplified in this book, though they are not likely to have mastered it by the time of the next election. With care and patience they will come to understand there is Reality, not Mysticism, in this Economic Language, and some day be able even to question Mr. Mackinder about the Economic Reality of the Going Concern, the World-Island, the Heartland, &c. Perhaps, by then Mr. Mackinder will himself know what is meant by Darwinism, and in that case he may use the term less often but more fittingly. He traces the course of the history of land-power and sea-power as it has been controlled by geographical conditions, and discusses the difficulties confronting a League of Nations, in an attempt to answer the question whether it is possible to establish such a world-power as shall suffice to keep the law between great and small States without that power developing into a world tyranny. He sees the danger of international commercial rivalry, and pleads for equality of resources for large nations and for the development of organization by localities as the only means of avoiding the clash of interests and class war. "East-ends and West-ends," he writes, "divide our cities into castes; at whatever sacrifice, we must tone away such contrasts. The countryside, in which the successful leaders visibly serve the interests of their weaker brethren, must be our ideal."

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**"The Prison Cell in its Lights and Shadows."** By the Rev. JOHN PITKIN. (Sampson Low. 6s.)

MR. PITKIN was formerly Assistant Chaplain of Wandsworth Prison and Chaplain of Exeter and Winchester Prisons. During thirty years of official life he has come in contact with 70,000 criminals, and he leans toward, though he is not convinced that it fits every case, the anatomico-pathological interpretation of criminology: that structural defects and defective cranial capacity are responsible for moral failure. He tells many strange stories, including one of a man aged fifty-six, who spent over twenty-eight years of his life in gaol for various thefts. One sentence of ten years was passed on him for stealing five fuchsia plants, and altogether the thefts in his career of crime were of articles worth in total about £3. It is doubtful whether criminal is the correct classification for the lion-tamer, whose sentences were all for shooting horses, the property of other people, with the benevolent intention of feeding his pets when they became fierce owing to a scanty meat ration. Mr. Pitkin officiated as chaplain at the three attempts to execute John Lee, the Babbacombe murderer, and he gives a detailed account of that unlovely incident.

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**"Russia's Ruin."** By E. H. WILCOX. (Chapman & Hall. 15s.)

MR. WILCOX has written one of the best accounts we have seen of the Russian revolution. It is also one of the most provocative, for it will not please those who are searching for proof of the vileness of the Bolsheviks' doctrinaire experiment, nor those who believe it to be an effort to put into practice a great social ideal. Mr. Wilcox, being a careful recorder, is concerned only for the facts as he knows them, and it is unfortunate for his thesis—that Socialism is the most dangerous of all the delusions under which masses of men and women have suffered—that his narrative is more likely to convince people of the contrary. Socialists did not make the war, nor were they responsible for the intrigues, treacheries, corruptions, and debased mentality of the old régime which he faithfully describes. Mr. Wilcox devotes considerable space to Kerensky's period of power and to the Korniloff episode, but both friends and enemies of the Bolshevik régime will find more to interest them in his account of Lenin's career and doctrines. He exposes the ridiculous forgeries of the "German-

Bolshevik Conspiracy" with which the American Committee on Public Information, with the approval of the British and French Governments, sought to delude the world. "This pamphlet will always remain," he says, "a monument of that paralysis of the critical faculties which seems inseparable from a state of war." For the thousands of people who point to Lenin's journey from Switzerland to Russia through Germany as a fact of damning significance, how many know that he first applied for permission to travel through France and England and was refused? As for the allegation that he was a paid hireling of the Kaiser, Mr. Wilcox shows that for years before the war Lenin had preached the doctrines which he promulgated on his return to Russia, and he has done nothing grossly inconsistent with his previous thirty years' political work. "Lenin is unquestionably a man of no average ability," writes Mr. Wilcox, "and could have made a comfortable position for himself in any human society. Nevertheless, he devoted the earlier years of his adult career to a vocation which, at that time, involved greater risks and smaller chances of personal advantage than almost any other—the vocation of a Russian revolutionary. What it actually brought him was what brought most of those who adopted it with energy and fervor—gaol, Siberia, and exile. The ponderous works which he has published could have been produced only after laboriously poring over what most people regard as one of the most arid of all subjects. . . . He was never happier than when exploring the treasures of the British Museum. . . . Evidence of a very convincing nature is required to prove that a man with such a record and such pursuits has sold himself to a cause like that of which William II. was the representative figure." This judgment of Lenin by Mr. Wilcox, who hates the gospel of Leninism, is typical of the fairness with which he touches upon all the phases of the revolution, and it is this which makes his book of real value.

## The Week in the City.

### SOME PROSPECTIVE NEW ISSUES.

While the new Government loan, the prospectus of which was issued on Thursday, must take pride of place, several large concerns are expected shortly to appeal for fresh capital. The British Dyestuffs Corporation proposes to increase its capital to ten millions by the creation of two million additional preference shares of £1 each. Harrods' Stores Ltd. will hold an extraordinary general meeting on the 27th inst. to pass a resolution increasing the capital from £2,150,000 to £3,000,000 by the creation of 850,000 ordinary shares, of which it is proposed to issue 475,000 at present. These shares are to be offered to existing shareholders at the rate of one new share for every two shares now held, at a price to be announced at the meeting. The Prudential Assurance Company is issuing one million "B" shares of £1 each, *pro rata*, to shareholders. J. Lyons & Co. is proposing to increase its capital to £3,500,000 by the creation of 1,000,000 seven per cent. preference shares of £1 each. The directors of the African Association, which is absorbing three West African firms, will propose an increase of the capital of the company to £10,000,000 at a special meeting to be held next week in order to carry out the amalgamation proposals, and "to provide a substantial margin of unissued capital to meet future contingencies."

### ELDER DEMPSTER.

An unusually steady record has been shown throughout the war by Elder Dempster & Co., which owns a controlling interest in a number of shipping companies. Profits have steadily increased each year, and the report for 1918 just issued shows a larger advance than usual. The appended table shows the company's record for each of the past five years:—

	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918
Profits after payment of Deb. Int.	228,100	249,400	258,200	266,900	308,500
Reserve, &c.	85,500	55,000	60,000	60,000	60,000
Pref. Div.	50,900	53,400	55,400	53,900	68,400
Ord. Div.	96,000	120,000	144,000	144,000	144,000
	8 p.c.	9 p.c.	10 p.c.	10 p.c.	10 p.c.
Inc. in carry forward	8,700	21,000	800	9,000	36,100

The six per cent. preference shares were increased from £750,000 to £1,500,000 during the year, raising the amount required for preference dividend by £14,500. The management shares (£10,000) receive £24,000, or 240 per cent. The reserve allocation of £50,000, which raises the fund to £1,050,000, is the same as last year, while £10,000, as before, goes to superannuation fund.

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